

James Christie 1872
16
MORAL MAXIMS

AND

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REFLECTIONS.

In IV PARTS.

Written in *French*, by the

DUKE of Rochefoucault.

Now made English.

The Second Edition. Revised and
Corrected, with the Addition of
CXXXV MAXIMS, not Tran-
slated before.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Richard Sare, Daniel Browne,
Richard Wellington, and William Gilli-
flower, MDCCVI.



THE
TRANSLATOR'S
PREFACE.

AS soon as this little Book fell into my Hands, I could not forbear making Enquiry, whether any of our Country-Men had done the good Service of communicating it to the *English Readers*. The Entertainment it gave me, the exceeding Characters I had heard of it, (which indeed I thought extravagant, till my own Perusal convinc'd me, they were its just due.) and the De-
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The Translator's Preface.

fire of making these wise Observations, and the Advantages of them more diffusive, as well as that of impressing them more strongly upon my self, moved me to resolve upon spending some leisure Hours in naturalizing this great Foreigner. But the Undertaking soon appeared more difficult, than the proportion of the Book tempted me to expect. For the Translating every where literally and concisely, would have left some Passages dark, and scarce intelligible. And a loose Paraphrase (besides that it is a Liberty not to be indulged, except in Cases of great Necessity) would take off from the Beauty and Strength of such R E F L E C T I O N S; the
very

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very Design of which requires a short close Style: With what Success I have endeavoured to decline both these Extreams, the judicious Reader will discern better, because more impartially than I can; and the Failings he discovers, will, I promise myself, be easily forgiven, for the sake of so good a Design, as the giving him this ingenious Book in our own Language. For it is to be hoped, he will think it more pardonable, that this is done now by a very indifferent and unknown Hand, than that it hath not had this Right done it, by some of the Best and most Eminent, before.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Behn* indeed has attempted part of it, but she seems not to have intended a perfect Work, so much as Entertaining her Self and her *Lyfander*, with such Passages as were most applicable to her darling Passion of Love. Upon which occasion, and some others, she takes the Freedom of Paraphrasing, and Accommodating as she saw fit, more perhaps to her own Diversion, than the doing Justice to the Author. And besides, Hers is only a Collection of some scattered Reflections, out of the First and Second, without any Notice taken of the Third and Fourth Parts.

This

The Translator's Preface.

This Translation follows the Edition of *Lyons*, 1691. But because there is another of the same Year, at *Paris*, without any distinction of Parts, in which there are several Additions, to what my Original hath in the Two First Books, I have taken Care to subjoin those Additions at the End of the Second Part here; and believe, that in comparing the Two Books together, none will be found to have escaped me, nor any other Difference between them now remaining, except in the Order of the REFLECTIONS. The Passages added are likewise numbered according to the *Paris* Edition, from whence they are taken.

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ken. The *French* Preface to the Reader Translated from thence because something larger; and referring particularly to a Discourse upon these REFLECTIONS wholly wanting in the Impression at *Lyons*. That Discourse (*Englished* by another Hand) is likewise inserted here, the Design whereof is to remove some Objections, to which this Book hath been thought liable. So that all due Care hath been taken, that this Translation might have it's utmost Perfection, and the Author now appears in *English*, more full, and with much greater Advantage, than any Edition of his, that ever I yet saw in the Original Language.

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THE General Approbation which the Publick has been pleased to give these Moral Reflections, is infinitely above what I am able to say in their Favour; and if they are really of that intrinsic Value, as I take them to be, and have very good Reasons to believe, 'tis almost impossible to do them a greater Injury, than to imagine they stand in need of an Apology.

I shall at present content my self to remark Two Things; First, That by the Word Interest, our Author does not always

a ways

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*ways understand what we commonly call
Worldly Interest, which has the Pur-
suit of Wealth for its only Object, but
an Interest of Honour and Glory. My
Second Remark is, (and 'tis in a manner
the Foundation of all these Reflections)
That the judicious Person who made them,
only considers Mankind in the present de-
plorable State of Nature, as 'tis over-
run with Ignorance, and corrupted by
Sin; and therefore whatever he says of
that infinite Number of Defects that are
to be found in their apparent Vertues,
does not in the least concern those happy
but few Favourites whom Heaven is pleas-
ed to preserve from them by a particular
Grace.*

*To remove the Prejudices which some
well meaning People have entertained a-
gainst these Maxims, I thought it con-
venient to insert the following Letter,
which lately fell into my Hands, and was
written since the first Edition of this Ma-
nuscript; and now at this Juncture, when
every Reader takes the freedom to pass his
own*

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own Judgment upon them; it comes out very seasonably to clear the principal Difficulties that may be urged against these Reflections, as also to explain the true Sentiments of our Author. This, at least, it has performed, it has abundantly demonstrated them to contain nothing but a pure Abridgment of Morality, conformable to several Fathers of the Church, and that the Person who writ them, had a great deal of reason to believe, that he could not well miss his Way, in following such experienced and disinterested Guides. And lastly, that he had full Liberty to speak of Man, after the very same manner as the Fathers had done before him.

Now, after all, if the Veneration which is due to these illustrious Lights of the Church, be not sufficient to stop the Mouths of the Criticks, but they are resolved, in opposition to good Manners and Sense, to condemn the Opinion of these Great Men, in condemning this Book; I would advise the Reader, not to be influenced by such partial Judges, nor suffer himself to be

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determined by the first Motions he finds arise in his Heart; but to take all imaginable Care, that Self-Love shall have no share in the Judgment which he passes upon them. For if he suffers himself to be directed by so corrupt a Counsellor, it is not to be supposed that he will shew any great Favour to these Maxims. As they particularly charge Self-Love with debauching the Reason, that powerful Seducer, will be sure, by Way of Requital, to prepossess the Mind against them. Upon this Score the Reader ought to take care, that this Prevention or Prejudice shall not justify the Truth of them, and to perswade himself that nothing can so effectually establish the Truth of these Reflections, as that Heat or Subtilty he expresses in combating them. But as it will be a difficult Matter to perswade every sensible Man, that he cannot condemn them out of any other Motive than that of Interest disguised, of Pride, and Self-Love; the best Way the Reader can take, in my Opinion,

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nion, is to satisfy himself, that none of these Maxims concern Him in particular, and that He alone is excepted from them, although they seem to be general. After he has done this, I dare answer for him, that he will be the first Man that shall subscribe to the Truth of them, and, what is more, believe that they are of mighty Benefit to the World, in discovering all the Follies and Foibles of Mankind.

As for what regards the Order of these Reflections, the Reader will at first view discover, that as they are all upon different Matters, it was in a manner impossible to place them in an exact Method: And tho' there are several upon the same Subject, it was not judged proper to place them always one after another, for fear of disgusting the Reader, who is generally best entertained with an agreeable Variety.

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A Discourse upon the *Reflections*,
or *Sentences*, and *Moral Maxims*,
in a Letter to a Friend.

S I R,

I *Am not able positively to tell you,*
Whether all these *Moral Reflections*
were writ by Monsieur De... altho'
the Stile and Manner of them seem to
resemble his. But give me leave, Sir,
to tell you, that upon these Occasions,
I generally disengage my self from po-
pular Reports, and 'tis enough to make
me believe, that they do not belong to
him, because the publick Opinion has
father'd them upon him. Thus I have
fairly and ingenuously answer'd your
First Question. And as for the rest, if
you had not an absolute Authority o-
ver me, which I must never dispute,
I should wave a farther Examination
of them. For a Man so highly prepos-
sess'd, as I am, in his Esteem for this
Work, has not that Liberty to judge
truly

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truly of it, as is requisite. Nevertheless, since you have been pleased to order it so, I will frankly give you my Opinion, without any Design to set up for a Maker of Dissertations, or concerning my self with the Person who is supposed to have writ this Book. 'Tis easie to discover, at first Sight, that it was never designed to visit the World, but only writ for the Satisfaction of a Person, who, in my Opinion, does not aspire to the Glory of being an Author. And if it should happen to belong to Monsieur De..., I can assure you, that his Reputation is established in the World by so many better Titles, that he wou'd be no less disturb'd to hear that these Reflections are made publick, than he was when the Memoirs that were attributed to him were printed. But, Sir, you need not be informed, what a Propensity there is, in this Age, to publish all manner of Novelties, and especially those that go under any celebrated Name, which, of it self, is sufficient to recommend them to the World. This you know is an

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undoubted Truth, Names alone set a Price upon Things with those People, that are not in a Capacity of finding out their intrinsic Value. The true Merit of these Reflections is understood but by a very few People, tho' 'tis certain that abundance of presuming Wou'd be Wits pretend to give you their Opinions of them. As for my self, I don't pretend to have Delicacy and Penetration enough to form a true Judgment of them. I say Delicacy and Penetration, because, to qualifie a Man for such a Province, he must be Master both of one and the other. And tho' it were possible for me to flatter my self, that I possessed both these Qualities, I am inclined to believe, that I should find but very few Passages in these Reflections to amend. I can there discover nothing but a happy Force and Spirit, Thoughts truly elevated and Bold, a noble Turn of Expression, accompanied with a certain Air of Quality, that does not belong to all that have Vanity enough to set up for Authors. I own indeed there is
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not that Order and Art in them which one would desire, and that a learned Man, who enjoyed a greater share of Leisure than our Author's Affairs seem to allow him, wou'd have thrown them into a better Method. But a Man who purely writes for himself, and to divert his Mind after the Fatigue of other Business, who sets down his Thoughts just as they come into his Head, does not so religiously observe the Niceties of Rules, as They who make a Profession and Business of Writing, and hope to get Reputation by their Pens. Nevertheless, this Irregularity has its peculiar Graces, and such Graces too as Art can never imitate. I don't know whether you will agree with me in this Point; but tho' I am sure of incurring the Indignation of the Criticks by what I am going to say, yet I cannot forbear to affirm to you, that as long as I live, I shall make no scruple to prefer the easie negligent Stile of Persons of Condition, which has Wit and Spirit in it, to the slavish Regularity of a Doctor, that never conversed with any thing

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but his Books. † The more easie and negligent he appeared in whatever he said or did, the more agreeably was it received for its natural and simple Air. *I borrow this Passage out of Tacitus, and have set down the Latin in the Margin, that if you are so minded, you may read it; and tho' I am sensible how great a Master you are of that Language, yet since this Discourse may possibly reach other Hands, that are utterly unacquainted with it, I shall follow the same Conduct, whenever I have any Occasion to make Citations.* Now, Sir, is it not an unquestionable Truth, that this *Justness and Affectation*, which is sought after with so much Study, always carries a certain *Stiffness and Constraint* that displeases us? And that the Gentlemen who are such *Slaves to Rules*, have none of those *Beauties*, where Art disguises it self under the

† *Dictaque factaque ejus quanto solutiora, & quandam sui negligentiam præferentia, tanto gratius in speciem simplicitatis accipiebantur, Tac. Ann. l. 16.*

Appear-

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*Appearances of Nature; that happy Talent
of writing easily and nobly; or,
in fine, that which * Tasso says* * Cant. 17.

*of the Palace of Armida,
Stimi (si misto il culto è col negletto,)
Sol naturali gli ornamenti e i siti,
Di natura arte par che per diletto
L'imitatrice sua scherzando imiti.*

In English it runs thus.

Art in this beauteous Pile can claim no
praise,

Nature alone did the fair Fabrick raise.
But so well has she copy'd her Design,
That cheated by an Object so Divine,
We think that Art has follow'd Na-
ture's Line.

*Thus I have briefly acquainted you with
my Sentiments of this Work in general,
but at the same time am sensible, that this
is not enough to satisfy you; since you re-
quest me to answer all those Objections more
particularly, which you tell me have been
urged against it. As I remember, the first
is as follows, viz. That these Reflections
destroy all the Vertues. To which it may
be*

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be answered, That our Author was far from entertaining the least Inclination to destroy them; he only pretends to shew, that they are seldom to be seen in a perfect State of purity, and that the greatest Part of our Actions are never without a Mixture of Error and Truth, Perfection and Imperfection, Vice and Vertue. He considers the Hearts of Men corrupted, invaded by Pride and Self-Love, and compass'd about with ill Examples, as the Governour of a Town besieged, who for want of Silver, makes Money of Leather and Past-board. This Money, in Shape and Figure, resembles the Good, 'tis put off at the same Price, but nothing but downright Misery and Necessity makes it go current among the Besieged. After the same manner, the generality of humane Actions, which pass with the World for so many Vertues, oftentimes have only the bare Image and Resemblance of them; nevertheless, they don't cease to carry some Merit with them, and to challenge our Esteem in some measure. It being very difficult,

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ficult, humanely speaking, to have any better. But admitting our Author believed, that there was no truly perfect Vertue in Man, yet, considering him in the pure State of Nature, he is not the first that advanced this Opinion. If I were not afraid to lie under the Scandal of a mighty Man in Quotation with you, I could cite you several Authors, nay Fathers of the Church, and celebrated Saints, who were of Opinion, that Self-Love, and Pride, were the very Soul of the most Heroical Actions the Pagans can boast of. I could make it appear, that some of them have not even pardoned the Chastity of Lucretia, whom all the World believed to be vertuous, till they discover'd the Falsity of that Vertue, which produced the Liberty of Rome, and has drawn the Admiration of so many Ages after it. Can you imagine, Sir, that Seneca himself, who makes his wise Man stand upon the same Level with the Gods, was truly Wise; or that he was really perswaded of what he endeavours to inculcate to other People, with
so

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*so much Insolence and Ostentation? * Nevertheless his Pride cou'd not hinder him from owning in other (a) Places, that he had never beheld in the World an Example of that Idea which he proposed; that it was impossible to find so consummate a Virtue among Men; and that the most perfect among them, was he who had the fewest Defects. (b) He frankly confesses, that one may reproach Socrates with maintaining some suspected Correspondences, Plato and Aristotle with being Covetous, and Epicurus with Prodigality and Pleasure: And yet he cries out in a most wonderful Passion, at the same Time, That we should be but too happy, cou'd we arrive to copy and*

** Jovem plus non posse quam bonum virum, Sen. Epist. 83. Deus non vincit sapientem felicitate, etiam si vincit ætate, Sen. ibid.*

(a) Ubi enim illum invenies quem tot sæculis quærimus sapientem? pro optimo est minimè malus. Sen. de Tranq.

(b) Objicite Platoni quod petierit pecuniam, Aristoteli quod acceperit, Epicuro quod consumpserit, Socrati Alcibiadem & Phædræm objectate, O vos usu Maximè felices, cum primum vobis imitari vitia nostra contigerit. Sen. de Vit. Beat.

imitate

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imitate their very Vices. *This worshipful Philosopher had been much in the right on't, if he had said as much of his own Vices; for, to say the Truth, a Man wou'd not have been over unhappy, cou'd he have been able to enjoy, as this poor Stoick did, all manner of Riches, Honour and Pleasure, at the same Time when he made a Shew of despising them; to see himself absolute * Master of the Empire, and Emperour; nay, and a Gallant of the Empress at the same Time; to possess magnificent Palaces, delicious Gardens, and thus, full stretch'd at his Ease, as he was, to preach up Moderation and Constancy, and the Lord knows what in the Midst of a prodigious Plenty and Wealth. Do you believe, Sir, that this mortified Hypocrite, who so well counterfeited the Master of his Passions, cou'd, in Conscience, pretend to any Vertue, but that single one*

**Senecam adoriuntur, tanquam ingentes & supra privatum modum evectas opes adhuc augeret, quodque studia civium in se verteret, hortorum quoque amoenitate, & villarum magnificentia quasi principem supergrederetur. Tac. Ann. l. 14.*

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of concealing his Vices, and that when he ordered his Veins to be opened, he did not repent him a thousand times, that he left his Imperial Pupil the Power to make him die? Do but view this mighty Pretender at a nearer distance, and you'll see that in making all these fine Reasonings upon the Immortality of the Soul, he endeavours to Hood-wink himself against the Fears of Death; he summons up all his Forces to make a solemn Grimace at parting; he bites his Tongue, lest he should confess that Pain is an Evil; he pretends that Reason is able to * divest a Man of all Passion, and instead of humbling his Pride, he raises himself above the Divinity. Now in my Opinion, he had acted much more like an honest Man, if he had fairly own'd the Weakness and Corruption of Human Nature, and not taken so much Pains to banter the World with his impracticable Nations. On the other Hand, the Author

* Sapiensem si in Phalaridis tauro peruratur, exclamaturum dulce est, & ad me nihil attinet: Epic. apud Sen.

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of these Reflections uses a different Conduct. He lays open all the Miseries of Man, but then we must understand him of Man, as he is abandon'd to his own Caprice, and not of a Christian: He makes it evidently appear, that in spite of all the Efforts of his Reason, Pride and Self-Love will still take sanctuary in some of the most private Recesses of his Heart; Where they meet, from Time to Time, with sufficient Nourishment, to spread their Venom imperceptibly, upon the greatest Part of its Movements.

The Second Objection you told me of, and which has a great deal of affinity with the former, is, That these Reflections pass in the World, rather from the Subtilities of an austere Censor, who puts an ill Construction upon the most indifferent Actions, than for solid Truths. You tell me, That some of your Friends have assured you, with all the imaginable Appearances of Sincerity, that they knew by their own Experience, that a Man does sometimes do Good, with-

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without having any other View or Prospect, than that of Good; nay, sometimes without any View at all, either for Good or Evil, but by a natural Integrity of Mind, which inclin'd him to what is Good, without his own thinking of it. *I wish it were in my Power to believe these Gentlemen upon their Word, and that it were true that Humane Nature has none but reasonable Motions, and that all our Actions were naturally vertuous. But, Sir, how shall we reconcile the Testimony of your Friends, to the Sentiments of the greatest Fathers of the Church, who have assured us, That all our Vertues, without the Assistance of Faith, are only Imperfections; that our Will was born blind; that its Desires were blind, its Conduct still more blind, and that it was no wonder if a Man under so much blindness, was in a perpetual State of wandering. Nor is this all, for they proceed to talk in a higher Strain, and tell us, that in such a Condition, the Prudence*
of

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of Man does not penetrate into future Things, and appoints nothing, but as it has a relation to Pride; that his Temperance moderates no Excesses, but those that his Pride condemned before; that his Constancy no farther supports its self under the Pressure of Calamities, than as it is encouraged by his Pride; and lastly, that all his Vertues, with that exterior Pomp of Merit, which makes them be admired, had no other End but this Admiration, the Love of vain Glory, and the Interest of Pride. *One might find almost an infinite number of Authorities upon this Opinion, but if I should once begin to cite them regularly to you, the Effect wou'd be, that I should give my self a little more trouble, and that you wou'd not receive more Pleasure by it. For this Consideration, I think, the best Way both for you and me, will be to give you an Abridgment of all this Controversie, done by an excellent Poet of our Time, in the Compass of Six Verses.*

* Bre.

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* Brebeuf Fol. * *Si le Jour de la Foy.*

Reason wou'd blindly wander in the
Night,

If active Faith withdrew the cheerful
Light.

Aspiring Pride deludes the darken'd
Mind,

And turns to Poison what was good
design'd.

Self-Love invades each Corner of the
Soul,

Turns Vice to Vertue, and corrupts
the Whole.

*After all, if we must believe that your
Friends have the Gift of this lively Faith,
that suppresses all the ill Inclinations of
Self-Love, if God has bestowed such ex-
traordinary Favours upon them, and sanc-
tifies them from the common Impurities
of the World, I will, with all my Heart,
give my Vote for their Canonization, and
here freely declare to them, that the Mo-
ral Reflections don't in the least concern
them. There is no Reason to imagine,
that the Person who writ them, ever de-
signed*

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signed to meddle with the Saints; for, as I told you before, his Business is only with Man as he is corrupted: He maintains, that he generally commits Evil, when his Self-Love flatters him that he's doing Good, and that he often deceives himself, when he would judge of himself, because Nature does not sincerely explain to him the real Motives that make him act. In this wretched State, where Pride is the original of all his Actions, the Saints are the first that declare War against him, and treat him infinitely worse than the Author of the Reflections does. If you should have a Desire at any Time to consult those Passages, which I have observed in their Writings upon this Article, you will soon be perswaded that I have told you nothing but the Truth; but I request you, to satisfy your self for the present with these Verses, which will in part explain to you what others thought about this Matter.

**Le Desir des Honneurs. *Brebeuf, Ent. Fol.*

*The Lust of Honour, Riches and Delight,
Produces Vice, and leads us to the Right.*

Blind

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Blind Interest the wavering Heart o'er-
sways,

And to fresh Errors the vain Slave betrays.
Nay, Remedies produce a sharper Pain,
One Ill suppress'd, another strait does
reign.

While here this Tyrant does triumphant
ride,

One Sin is by a second Sin destroy'd.

Montagne, *whom I cannot without
some remorse of Conscience quote to you,
after the Fathers of the Church, says hap-
pily enough, upon the same Subject, That
his Soul has two different Faces; that
in vain she endeavoured to look back
upon her self, for she only perceives
that which Self-Love has disguised,
while the other is perceived by those
who are not concerned in the Masque-
rade. If I durst build upon so bold a Me-
taphor, I wou'd say, that the Soul of a Man,
corrupted, is made like those Medals, which
represent the Figure of a Saint, and that
of a Devil, in one Face, and by the same
Stroaks. 'Tis nothing but the different si-
tuation of those that look upon it, that
changes*

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changes the Object. One Man sees a Saint, and the other sees a Devil. These Comparisons may serve to instruct us, that when Self-Love has once got possession of the Heart, Pride does so effectually blind the Reason, and spread so vast an Obscurity over all its Faculties, that it cannot form a true Judgment of the least of our Motions, nor of it self give us any certain Rules for our Conduct. Men, says * Horace, Here upon the Stage of this World, are like a Company of Travellers, whom Night has surprized, as they are passing through a Forest; they march on, relying upon the Honesty of the Guide, who immediately puts them out of their Way, either through Malice or Ignorance, all of them use what Care they can to find the beaten Path again, every One takes a different Way, and is in good Hopes his is the best; the

* *Velut silvis ubi passim*

Palantes error certo de tramite pellit.

Ille sinistrorsum hic dextrorsum abit, unus utriusque Error, sed varijs illudit partibus. Hor. Serm. 2.

Lib. Sat. 3.

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more they fill themselves with these vain Imaginations, the farther they wander; but tho' they all wander a different Way, yet it proceeds from one and the same Cause; 'tis the Guide that deceived them, and the Obscurity of the Night hinders them from recovering the right Road. *Is it possible for any one to paint out in livelier Colours, the Blindness and perpetual Inquietudes of Man abandon'd to his own foolish Conduct, who listens to nothing but the Whisperings of his Pride, who thinks he goes naturally right to what is good, and who always believes, that the last he finds is the best? Is it not certain, that at the very moment when he flatters himself that he's doing some good Action, 'tis then that the wandering of his Heart is most dangerous and fatal to him? There is such a prodigious Number of Wheels that compose the Movement of this Clock, and the first Spring of it so hard to be discovered, that, tho' we plainly see what Hour of the Day it is by the Dial, yet we cannot tell which is the prime*

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prime Motion that conducts the Hand upon all the Spaces in the Plate.

The Third Objection which lies upon me to answer, is, That abundance of People complain of the great Obscurity in the Sense, as also in the Expression of the Reflections. You need not be informed, Sir, that Obscurity is not always the Author's Fault. Reflections, or if you please, Maxims and Sentences, as the World has been pleased to call these, ought to be writ in a succinct close Stile, such as hinders a Man from giving that Perspicuity in his Writings, which is to be desired. They are like the first Sketches of a Picture, where an ingenious Eye will easily remark all the Perfection of Art, and the Beauty of the Painter's Design. But then this Beauty is not understood by all the World, and altho' the Lineaments are not set out in their proper Colours, yet for all that, they discover a masterly Hand. For this Reason the Reader ought to penetrate into the Sense and Force of the Words, the Mind ought to run over the whole Extent of their Signification, before it sits down and proceeds to Judgment.

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The Fourth Objection, unless I am mistaken, was this, That the Maxims, for the most part, are too general. You have been told, That 'tis a Piece of Injustice to fix the Defects of particular Men upon the whole Race. Besides the Account we have received from you of the different Opinions you have heard upon this Subject, I know what uses to be generally objected to those Persons, who discover and condemn their Vices. Their Censure is called the Portraiture of the Painter; 'tis urged against them, that they resemble People troubled with the Yellow-Jaundice, who see every Thing yellow because they are so themselves. Now if it were true, that a Man cannot censure the Corruption of the Heart in general, without finding more of it in himself than another does; we ought then to take it for granted, that those Philosophers, whose Apophthegms have been delivered down to us by Diogenes Laertius, were the greatest Debauchees of their Times. We ought to attack the Memory of Cato, and believe he was the most profligate Wretch in Rome, because he censured the Vices of the Republick. If this be the Case, I dare swear for the Author

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the Reflections, whoever he is, that he will not be much troubled at the ill Nature of his Adversaries, since, the Business of Religion excepted, he will scarce be taken either for a better or a wiser Man than Cato. As for what regards his Expression, which some Persons pretend is too general, I can only say this, that it is a difficult Matter to avoid it in Sentences, without robbing them of all their Salt, their Force and Spirit. Nor is this all; for common Conversation teaches us, that even where general Expressions are used, we take them in a limited Sense, with such and such Restrictions, and this without any body's interposing to instruct us. As for Example, when we hear a Man say, All Paris went to meet the King, or, All the Court was at the Play, every one knows, that it only signifies the greatest Part. If you are of Opinion, that these Reasons are not sufficient to stop the Mouths of the Criticks, you need only tell them, that, when Gentlemen are so easily scandalized at the Terms of a general Censure, 'tis because it touches them after too lively a manner, in the most sensible Part of their Hearts.

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'Tis indeed very certain, that You and I are acquainted with several Persons of great Worth and Honour, who are not in the least offended at the Freedom of these Reflections. I mean those, that have a mortal Aversion to Hypocrisie, and who make no Scruple at all to confess both what they feel in themselves, and what they observe in others. But few People are capable of thinking of them aright, or that will put themselves to the severe Expence of doing it. And if by meer Accident they do, Self-Flattery still attends them, and so hinders the Operation of the Physick. Let me intreat you to call to mind after what manner our Friend Guarini treats these empty Pretenders.

* *Huomo sono, e mi preggio d'esser huomo,
E teco, che sei huomo,
E ch' altro esser non puos,
Come huomo parlo di cosa humana.*

* Guarini Pastor Fido. Act. 1. Sc. 1. *Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum.* Heauront. Act. 1. Sc. 1. Terent.

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E se di cotal nome forse tisdegni,
Guarda Garzon Superbo;
Che nul dishumanarti,
Non divenghi una fiera, anzi chun Dio.

Observe, Sir, in what Terms we ought to speak of the Pride of Humane Nature. Instead of being angry with the Mirrour that shews us our Faults, instead of bearing an ill Will to the Person who is so charitable to discover them to us, ought we not rather to make use of the charitable Lights they give us, to find out our Self-Love and Pride, and to preserve our selves from the continual Attempts they make upon our Reason? Can a Man ever express Hatred enough to those Two Vices, that were the lamentable Occasions of the Revolt of our First Parent, or too much decry those unfortunate Sources, from whence all our Miseries proceed?

Others are at their Liberty to take the Reflections after what manner they please. As for my self, I look upon them to be a true and handsom Representation of all the Infirmities of your impudent Pretender to Wisdom. I fancy that in every Stroke the Love of Truth pulls off his Mask, and shews him as

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he is in his proper Colours. I consider them as the Instructions of an able Master, who was perfectly versed in the Art of knowing Men, who dexterously lays open all the several Parts they play upon the Theatre of the World, and who not only bids us mind the several Characters of the Persons upon the Stage, but lifts up a Corner of the Curtain and satisfies us, that this Lover and the King in a Tragedy, are the very numerical Actors, that play the Mountebank and the Merry-Andrew in a Farce. I freely own to you, that I have read nothing in this Age that gives me a greater Contempt for Men, or makes me more sensible of my own Vanity. I fancy, that as often as I open the Book, I find something that resembles the secret Movements of my Heart, I inquire into myself, to examine whether he speaks the Truth and I find that generally he tells both to me and others more than they saw. At first I am somewhat displeased with him, I sometimes blush to see how exactly he has discovered, but after I have with some Violence of my Nature read Him, I perceive that if I don't from thence learn to become more wise, I learn this at least, that I have no Pretence

The Preface to the Reader. xxxi

to aspire to that Title. And lastly, I learn from the true Representation he gives me of my self, not sottishly to fall into an Admiration of those Vertues, the very Splendor of which offends our Eye-sight. Hypocrites indeed pass their Time but very ill in reading a Book of this Character, and those are the only Persons in the World that will raise Noise and Clamour about it. Let me therefore conjure you, dear Sir, to give no heed to those that vent their Malice against it, and to rest assured, that the true Reason of their Indignation is to see those Mysteries revealed, which, if it lay in their Power, they wou'd carefully conceal both from others and themselves.

And now, Sir, whereas it was my Intention to send you a Letter, I find my self insensibly engaged to write a tedious Discourse. Call it as you please, either a Discourse or Letter, it signifies not much, provided 'tis so happy as to give you some Satisfaction, and that you will do me the Honour to believe, that I am, with all imaginable Respect,

S I R,

Your Most Humble, &c.

H*Umane Prudence*, or, the Art by which
a Man may raise himself and Fortune
to Grandeur. The Ninth Edition Correct-
ed and Enlarged by the Author. Printed
for *Richard Sare*, at *Grays-Inn-Gate*, in *Hol-*
born.

Moral

Moral Reflections.

*Our Vertues are, oftentimes, in Reality,
no better than Vices disguised.*

I.

WHAT we take for Vertue,
is, frequently, nothing else
but the Concurrence of se-
veral Actions, and seve-
ral Aims, which either our own Industry,
or Fortune for us, contrives to bring to-
gether : And we are much mistaken, if we
think that Men are always stout, from a
Principle of Valour, or Women chaste, from
a Principle of Modesty.

II.

Self-Love is the *Love* of a Man's own
Self, and of every thing else, for his own
sake. It makes People *Idolaters* to them-
selves, and *Tyrants* to all the World besides.
As would plainly appear, if *Fortune* did
but furnish them with Power and Oppor-
tunities of shewing it. It never rests, or
fixes any where from Home, and, if for
a little

a little while it dwell upon some other thing, 'tis only as *Bees* do, when they light upon *Flowers*, with a design to draw all the *Vertue* there to their own Advantage. Nothing is so raging and violent as its Desires, Nothing so close as its Designs, Nothing so ingenious as its Management of them. It hath more Fetches and Doubles than can ever be describ'd; it transforms it self into more different Shapes, than are in all *Ovid's* Metamorphoses, and its Extractions are more subtle and refined, than any *Chymistry* can parallel. It is an *Abyss*, too deep ever to be founded, and too dark ever to be seen through; there it sits undiscovered, even from the nicest and most penetrating *Eye*, and runs a thousand wild *Mazes* undiscerned: Nay, it is sometimes concealed from its own self, and conceives and cherishes, and brings up a World of *Inclinations* and *Affections*, without so much as being sensible when they are born, or how they are bred. And some of these *Conceptions* are so monstrous, that when they come to the *Birth*, it either does not know them, or cannot be prevailed upon to own them. From this gross Darknes proceed all its extravagant and ridiculous Opinions of its self, all its Errors and Ignorances and sottish Stupidities in its own Case. This is the Reason, why it often thinks those *Passions* killed and dead, which are only laid

Moral Reflections.

3

to sleep. Hence it seems content to sit down quietly, when it is only taking Breath for a fresh *Chase*; and thinks those *Appetites* quite lost, which are only satisfied a little for the present. And yet this thick *Mist*, which hinders it from seeing it self, is no Obstruction to its sight of any thing else; for in this it is like the Eyes of our Body, which perceive all other *Objects*, and are blind only with regard to themselves. And thus, where its own *Interest* is concerned, and the matter is of *Consequence* so great, as to move the Desires vigorously, and by them to call up all its Attention, it sees, and feels, and hears, and imagines, and suspects, and penetrates and presages perfectly well, so that nothing escapes it; and a man would be apt to suspect, that each of these *Passions*, under its Conduct, have some strange *magical Power* peculiar to it. No *Cement* is so strong, none so close as its Engagements; Which it attempts to break or dissolve, but to little or no purpose, even when driven to it by the greatest and most impending *Mischiefs*. And yet it happens sometimes, that what the continued Endeavours of many Years were not able to accomplish, a very little Time and Pains effect; Which gives us just Ground to conclude, that its Desires are all kindled by its own Hand, and owing more to it self, than to the *Beauty*, or the Worth of its *Object*;

ject; and that its own *Palate* gives them all their *Value*, and *Fancy* is the false Gloss that sets them off: That it self is the only Game it pursues, and its own Inclination the thing it follows, rather than the *Objects* that suit its Inclination. It is all Extremes, and acts in the greatest contradiction to it self: It is Imperious and Submissive, Sincere and Hypocritical, Frank and Formal, Compassionate and Cruel, Cowardly and Courageous: It puts on different Inclinations, according to the different Tempers, that dispose, and devote it, sometimes to Honour, sometimes to Riches, sometimes to Pleasure; it shifts these, as our Age, or our Fortunes, or our Experience change; but as to it self, it is the same thing, whether it have one or more such Inclinations. For it divides it self to several, or collects and determines it self intirely to one, at pleasure, and as Occasions offer themselves. It is fickle, not only because the Things without us are unstable, but from a thousand inward *Causes*, intirely owing to it self; Inconstancy, Levity, Love of Novelty, Nauseatings, and Disgusts; and the being tired with what it hath already, makes it changeable every Moment. It is Whimsical and Humoursome, and you may sometimes observe it taking infinite Pains, and using the utmost Application and Zeal, for Things that cannot be any Advantage,

nay,

may, which are sure to prove prejudicial. And yet pursue them it will, meerly because it will have them. It is unaccountable and childish, and often busies it self about Trifles and Impertinencies; finds the greatest Relish and Delight in the flattest and most insipid Things, and reserves all its Eagerness and Warmth for the meanest, and most contemptible. It enters into all *Qualities*, and all Conditions of *Life*; it lives in every Place; it lives upon every Thing, nay it lives upon Nothing; It serves it self both of the Enjoyment of Things, and of the want of them; it takes Part with the very Men that make *War* upon it, and *engages* in their Designs against it self. And, which is most surprizing, it joins with them in the Hating of it self, plots to its own disadvantage, and conspires and endeavours its own Destruction. In a Word, all its Care is to subsist, and rather than not be at all, it is content to be its own *Enemy*. We ought not therefore to think it strange, if we meet it sometimes in *Conjunction* with the most rigorous Mortification, and find it entring boldly into *League* with this *Adversary*, to work its own *Ruin*; for at the same time, that it pulls it self down in one Place, it builds it self up in another. When we think it renounces and forsakes its Pleasure, it only suspends or changes it; and when we fancy it *conquered*, and totally routed,

routed, we find it rise victorious, and its very Defeat contributes to its *Triumph*. This is the true Picture of *Self-Love*, which is so predominant, that a Man's whole Life is but one continued Exercise, and strong Agitation of it. The *Sea* indeed is a very sensible Resemblance of this *Passion*, and the perpetual *Ebbings* and *Flowings* of the *Waves* there are a lively and faithful *Emblem* of that restless Succession of *Thoughts*, and those boisterous Roulings of the *Mind*, which are eternally caused and kept up by it.

III.

Self-Love is the greatest Flatterer in the World.

IV.

When a Man hath travelled never so far, and discovered never so much in the *World of Self-Love*, yet still the *Terra Incognita* will take up a considerable Part of the *Map*.

V.

Self-Love is more ingenious, than the most ingenious Man in the World.

VI.

The Continuance of our *Passions* is no more in our own Power, than the Term of our Life.

VII.

Passion very often makes the wisest Men Fools, and very often too inspires the greatest Fools with Wit.

VIII.

Moral Reflections.

7

VIII.

Those great and glorious Actions, that even dazle our Eyes with their Lustre, are represented by Politicians, as the result of great Wisdom, and excellent Design; whereas, in truth, they are commonly the Effects of Passion and Humour. Thus the War between *Augustus* and *Antony*, which is usually thought to proceed from Greatness of Soul, and an Ambition that each of them had to become Master of the World, was, very probably, no more than Envy and Emulation.

IX.

The Passions are the only Orators that are always successful in perswading. They are a kind of Art in Nature, that proceeds upon infallible Rules; and the plainest Man, with the help of Passion, shall prevail more, than the most eloquent Man without it.

X.

There is in the Passions such a constant Tendency to private Interest and Injustice, that it is dangerous to be guided by them. And indeed, we should not dare to trust them, even then when they appear most fair and reasonable.

XI.

The Heart of Man ever finds a constant Succession of Passions; insomuch, that the destroying and pulling down of One, proves gene-

generally to be nothing else, but the production and the setting up of Another.

XII.

The Passions, (so odd a Way of breeding they have) do very often give Birth to others of a Nature most contrary and distant from their own. Thus Avarice sometimes brings forth Prodigality, and Prodigality Avarice: A Man's Resolution is very often the effect of Levity; and his daring Boldness, that of Cowardice and Fear.

XIII.

After all the Care Men can take to conceal their Passions, and put them off under the Dress of Piety and Honour; the Disguise is too thin, and will be sure to discover all, at one Time or other.

XIV.

The Love of our selves can less bear to have our Inclinations condemned, than our Opinions.

XV.

Men are not only apt to forget the Kindnesses and Injuries that have been done them, but which is a great deal more, they hate the Persons that have obliged them, and lay aside their Resentments against those that have used them ill. The Trouble of returning Favours, and revenging of Wrongs, is a Slavery, it seems, which they can very hardly submit to.

XVI.

XVI.

The Clemency of Princes is, very often, only a State-Trick, to gain upon the Affections of their Subjects.

XVII.

That Clemency, which the World cries up for such a mighty Vertue, proceeds sometimes from Ostentation; sometimes from Laziness and Neglect; very often from Fear, and almost always from a Mixture of all these together.

XVIII.

The Moderation of People in Prosperity, is the effect of a smooth and composed Temper, owing to the Calm of their good Fortune.

XIX.

Moderation is a Fear of falling into that Envy and Contempt, which those who grow giddy with their good Fortune, most justly draw upon themselves. It is a kind of boasting the Greatness of our Mind; and, in short, the Moderation of Men, in the most exalted Fortunes, is a Desire to be thought above those Things that have raised them so high.

XX.

No body is so weak, but he is strong enough to bear the Misfortunes that he does not feel.

XXI.

The Constancy of the Wise is nothing else, but the Knack of concealing their Passion and Trouble.

XXII.

XXII.

We often see Malefactors, when they are led to Execution, put on Resolution and a Contempt of Death, which, in Truth, is nothing else, but fearing to look it in the Face: So that this pretended Bravery may very truly be said, to do the same good Office to their Mind, that the Handkerchief, or Night-Cap does to their Eyes.

XXIII.

Philosophy finds it an easie matter to vanquish past and future Evils, but the present are commonly too hard for it.

XXIV.

Very few People are acquainted with Death; they undergo it, commonly, not so much out of Resolution, as Custom and Insensibility; and the greatest Part of the World pretend, they are content to die, only because they know they cannot help it.

XXV.

When Great Men sink under the Length of their Misfortunes, this discovers, that it was not the Greatness of their Soul, but of their Ambition, that kept up their Spirits so long; and that, setting aside abundance of Vanity, Heroes are just like common Men.

XXVI.

It requires more Vertue to bear good Fortune than ill.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Death and the Sun are two Things not to be looked upon with a steady Eye.

XXVIII.

Men are often so foolish, as to boast and value themselves upon their Passions, even those that are most vicious. But Envy is a Passion so full of Cowardice and Shame, that no body ever had the Confidence to own it.

XXIX.

There is something to be said for Jealousie, because this only designs the Preservation of some Good, which we either have, or think we have a Right to; but Envy is a raging Madness, that cannot be satisfied with the Good of others.

XXX.

Our good Qualities expose us more to Hatred and Persecution, than all the Ill we do.

XXXI.

We do not want Strength, so much as Will to use it; and very often the fancying Things impossible to be done, is nothing else, but an Excuse of our own contriving, to reconcile our selves to our own Idleness.

XXXII.

If we had no Defects of our own, we should not take half so much Satisfaction in observing those of other People.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Jealousie is bred in Doubts. When those Doubts change into Certainties, then the Passion either ceases, or turns absolute Madness.

XXXIV.

A proud Man can never be a Loser, no not even then when he renounces his Pride.

XXXV.

The being proud our selves makes us complain of others, and uneasy at their being so.

XXXVI.

All Men are proud alike. The only difference is, that all do not take the same Methods of shewing it.

XXXVII.

It looks like an Indulgence of Nature to give us Pride, that, after she had taken such wise Care to fit the Organs of the Body for our Happiness and Convenience, we might be delivered from the Trouble of knowing our own Imperfections.

XXXVIII.

Pride hath a greater share than Goodness in the Reproofs we give other People for their Faults; and we chide them, not so much with a Design to mend them, as to make them believe that we our selves are not guilty of them.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

We promise in proportion to our Hopes,
and we keep our Word in proportion to our
Fears.

XL.

Interest speaks all manner of Languages,
and acts all sorts of Parts ; nay, even that of
a Man that hath no regard at all to Interest.

XLI.

Interest makes some People blind, and
others quick-sighted.

XLII.

They that use to employ their Minds too
much upon Trifles, commonly make them-
selves incapable of any Thing that is Serious
or Great.

XLIII.

We have not Strength enough to follow
our Reason so far as it would carry us.

XLIV.

A Man often thinks he governs himself,
when all the while he is governed and ma-
naged ; and while his Understanding directs
to one Design, his Affections insensibly draw
him into another.

XLV.

The Strength and Weakness of a Man's
Mind are mistaken and improper Terms ;
for these are really no other than the Or-
gans of our Bodies being well or ill disposed.

XLVI.

XLVI.

The Whimsicalness of our own Humour is a thousand times more fickle and unaccountable, than what we blame so much in Fortune.

XLVII.

The Fondness or Indifference that the Philosophers express'd for Life, was purely a Tang of the Love of themselves, which will no more bear reasoning upon, than the Relish of the Palate, or the Choice of Colours.

XLVIII.

All the Gifts of Fortune are just as our own Humour is pleased to rate them.

XLIX.

Happiness does not consist in the Things themselves, but in the Relish we have of them; and a Man hath attained to it when he enjoys what he loves and desires himself and not what other People think lovely and desirable.

L.

Every Man's good and ill Fortune is constantly more or less than he esteems it.

LI.

People that are conceited of their own Merit, take a Pride in being unfortunate that so themselves and others may think them considerable enough to be the Envy and the Mark of Fortune.

LII.

Nothing ought in reason to mortifie our Self-Satisfaction more, than the considering that we condemn at one Time, what we highly approve and commend at another.

LIII.

How different soever Mens Fortunes may be, there is always something or other, that balances the Ill and the Good, and makes all even at last.

LIV.

Though Nature be never so *liberal*, yet can she not make a *Hero* alone. Fortune must contribute her Part too ; and till both concur, the Work cannot be perfected.

LV.

When the Philosophers despised *Riches*, it was because they had a mind to vindicate their own *Merit*, and take a *Revenge* upon the Injustice of *Fortune*, by vilifying those Enjoyments which she had not given them : This was a Secret to ward off the *Contempt* that *Poverty* brings, a kind of winding By-Path to get into the Esteem of the *World*, and when *Riches* had not made them considerable, to make themselves so some other Way.

LVI.

We hate *Favourites*, because we are fond of Favour our selves : The Indignation we profess against others who are in possession, soothes

sooths and softens a little the Concern for our own being excluded. And we deny to pay them our Respects, because we would fain, but cannot, take away that which makes them respected by all the *World* besides.

LVII.

The common Way to do one's Business and rise in the World, is to use all possible Means of perswading People, that one's Business is done already.

LVIII.

Though Men are apt to flatter and exalt themselves with their *Great Achievements*, yet these are, in Truth, very often owing not so much to Design, as Chance.

LIX.

Our *Actions* seem to have their lucky and unlucky *Stars*, to which a great Part of the *Blame* and that *Commendation* is due, which is given to the *Actions* themselves.

LX.

There is no Accident so exquisitely unfortunate, but wise Men will make some advantage of it; nor any so intirely fortunate, but *Fools* may turn it to their own Prejudice.

LXI.

Fortune converts every Thing to the Advantage of her *Favourites*.

LXII.

Mens *Happiness* and *Misery* depends together as much upon their own *Humour* as it does upon *Fortune*.

LXIII.

Sincerity is a certain Openness of Heart. This is to be found but in very few, and what we commonly look upon to be so, is only a more cunning sort of *Diffimulation*, to insinuate our selves into the Confidence of others.

LXIV.

Our Aversion to a *Lie*, is commonly a secret Ambition, to make what we say considerable, and have every Word received with a religious Respect.

LXV.

Truth has scarce done so much good in the *World*, as the false Appearances of it have done hurt.

LXVI.

No Praises are thought too great for *Wisdom*, and yet the highest Pitch of it cannot secure a Man the most considerable Event. The reason of which is, that Man is the subject of its *Operation*, and he is the most fluctuating and changeable Creature in the World.

LXVII.

A wise Man should order his Designs, and place all his interests in their proper Places: This Order is often confounded by a *foolish Haste*, which, while it puts us upon pursuing so many several Things at once, that in Eagerness for Matters of less consideration, we grasp at Trifles, and let go things of greater value.

C

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

A good Mein is to the *Body*, what good Sense is to the *Mind*.

LXIX.

It is very hard to give a just Definition of *Love*; the most we are able to say of it is this, That in the *Soul*, it is a Desire to *possess*; in *Spirits* it is a *Sympathy*; and in the *Body*, it is only a secret Desire, and a *Propensity* to enjoy the Thing *Beloved*, after a great deal of Bustle and Formality.

LXX.

Love pure, and untainted with any other *Passion*, (if such a Thing there be) lies hidden in the Bottom of our *Heart*, so exceeding close, that we scarce know it our self.

LXXI.

It is not in the *Power* of any the most crafty *Dissimulation*, to conceal *Love* long, when it really is, nor to *counterfeit* it long when it is not.

LXXII.

Considering how little the beginning of the ceasing to Love is in our own *Power*, it is foolish and unreasonable for the Lover or his Mistress, to complain of one another's Inconstancy.

LXXIII.

If one were to judge of *Love*, according to the greatest Part of the *Effects* it produces, it might very justly pass for *Hate* rather than *Kindness*.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

Some Ladies may be met with, who never had any Intrigue at all; but it will be exceeding hard to find any, who have had One, and no more.

LXXV.

Love is one and the same in the Original; but there are a Thousand Copies of it, and it may be all differing from one another.

LXXVI.

Love can no more continue without a constant Motion, than Fire can; and when once you take Hope and Fear away, you take from it, its very Life and Being.

LXXVII.

It is with True Love, as with Ghosts and Apparitions, a Thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

LXXVIII.

Love hath its Name borrowed by a World of Dealings and Affairs that are father'd upon it; when, alas! Love hath no more concern in them, than the Doge hath in what is done at *Venice*.

LXXIX.

What the Generality of People call the Love of Justice, is only the Fear of suffering by Injustice.

LXXX.

Silence is the best Security to that Man who distrusts himself.

LXXXI.

The Thing that makes our Friendships so short and changeable, is, that the Qualities and Dispositions of the Soul are very hard and those of the Understanding and Wit very easie to be known.

LXXXII.

The most disinterested Love is, after all but a kind of Bargain, in which the dear Love of our own selves always proposes to be the Gainer some Way or other.

LXXXIII.

The Reconciliation of Enemies is commonly a Desire to better our own Condition; a being harassed and tired out with State of War; and a Fear of some ill Accident, which we are willing to prevent.

LXXXIV.

When we have loved our selves weary the kindest and most welcome Thing that can be, is some Act of Infidelity, which may fairly disengage our Affection.

LXXXV.

It is much less for a Man's Honour to distrust his Friends, than to be deceived by them.

LXXXVI.

We oftentimes fancy, that we love Persons above us, when it is nothing but Interest that makes us fond of them; and our Applications and Attendances, are maintained.

So much upon the account of any Good we desire to do them, as for what we expect and hope they may do us.

LXXXVII.

Our own Jealousie gives a fair Pretence for the Knavery of other People.

LXXXVIII.

With what Face can we expect, another should keep our Secrets, when we could not keep them our selves?

LXXXIX.

The Love of our selves makes our Friends appear more or less deserving in Proportion to the Delight we take in them, and the Measures by which we judge of their Worth, depend upon the Manner of their conversing with us.

XC.

Every body complains for want of Memory; but you never find any body complain of the Weakness of his Judgment.

XCI.

When idle Men have indulged themselves as much as they think fit, no body is then so full of Haste and Activity as they, because they hope this quickning of others, will give them the Reputation of Diligence.

XCII.

The greatest Ambition does not appear at all so, when it finds what it would vainly aspire to, absolutely impossible to be attained.

XCIH.

The disabusing a Man strongly possess'd with an Opinion of his own Worth, is the very same ill Office that was done the Fool at *Athens*, who fancied all the Ships that came into Harbour were his own.

XCIV.

Old Folks love mightily to give good Advice, because this makes them some sort of amends, for being incapable now of setting ill Examples.

XCV.

Great Characters do rather lessen; than exalt, those that know not how to maintain, and make them good.

XCVI.

That Man, we may be sure, is a Person of true Worth, whom we find those who envy him most, are yet forced to commend.

XCVII.

It is an Argument, our own Affection is but small, when our Friends grow cold to us, and we are not sensible of it.

XCVIII.

The making a Difference between *Will* and *Judgment*, is a *Vulgar Error*. *Judgment* is nothing else but the exceeding Brightness of *Wit*, which, like *Light*, pierces into the very Bottom of Things, observes all that ought to be observed there, and discovers what

seem

seemed to be past any bodies finding out :
 From whence we must conclude, that the
Energy and *Extension* of this *Light* of the *Wit*,
 is the very Thing that produces all those
 Effects, usually ascribed to the *Judgment*.

XCIX.

Every body takes upon him to give a good
 Character of his own *Honesty*, but no body
 to speak well of his own *Ability*.

C.

The polite *Wit* consists in nice, curious,
 and commendable *Thoughts*.

CI.

The *Gallantry* of the *Wit* is express in
Battery well couched.

CII.

It often happens, that some Things offer
 themselves finer in the very first Thought,
 than it were possible for a Man to have made
 them by *Art* and *Study*.

CIII.

The *Understanding* is constantly the *Cul-*
lure of the *Affections*.

CIV.

Many People are acquainted with their
 own *Abilities*, that are not acquainted with
 their own *Hearts*.

CV.

Men and *Actions* are like *Objects* of *Sight*,
 that have their nice Points of being distinct-

C 4

ly discerned. Some you must come very near to, to judge of them exactly, and others are better seen at a greater Distance.

CVI.

He is not to pass for a Man of *Reason*, who stumbles upon *Reason* by chance; but he that knows, and can judge, and hath a true Relish of it.

CVII.

It is necessary, in order to know Things thoroughly well, to know the Particulars of them; and these being infinite, make our Knowledge ever superficial and imperfect.

CVIII.

It is one kind of Affectation, to put People upon observing, that we are not at all affected.

CIX.

It is not in the Power of the *Wit* to dissimble the Inclinations very long.

CX.

Heat of *Blood* makes young People change their *Inclinations* often, and *Custom* makes old Ones keep to theirs a great while.

CXI.

There is nothing that Men are so free of, as their Advice.

CXII.

The more passionately a Man loves his *Mistress*, the readier he is to hate *Her*.

CXIII.

The Defects of the *Understanding* are like those of the *Face*; the older People are, the worse they grow.

CXIV.

CXIV.

Matrimony is sometimes convenient, but never delightful.

CXV.

Men are never to be comforted for the *Treachery* of their *Friends*, or the over-reaching of their *Enemies*; and yet they are often very highly satisfied, to be both cheated and betrayed by their own selves.

CXVI.

It is as easie a matter to deceive a Man's self, and not be sensible of it, as it is hard to impose upon others, and yet for them not to be sensible of it.

CXVII.

Nothing betrays more want of *Sincerity*, than the Methods commonly used in asking and receiving *Advice*: He that asks it, pretends to a respectful Deference for the Opinion of his *Friend*, and all the while only designs to have his own approved, and shelter his *Actions* under the *Authority* of another; and he that gives it, returns these *Professions* with a pretended *Kindness* and impartial *Zeal*, and yet hath generally no other End in the advising him, but his own *Interest* and *Honour*.

CXVIII.

The cunningest *Disimulation* is when a Man pretends to be caught, and a Man is

never so easily over-reached, as when he is contriving to over-reach others.

CXIX.

An honest *Intention* of imposing upon no body, lays us open to be frequently imposed upon our selves.

CXX.

We are so used to dissemble with other *People*, that in Time we come to deceive and dissemble with our selves.

CXXI.

Treachery is oftner the Effect of *Weakness*, than of a form'd *Design*.

CXXII.

Men frequently do Good, only to give themselves Opportunity of doing Ill with greater Security.

CXXIII.

The Resistance we make to our *Passions*, is owing to their *Weakness*, more than our *Strength*.

CXXIV.

Men never would enjoy any *Pleasure*, if they never flattered themselves.

CXXV.

The most ingenious Men continually pretend to condemn Tricking; but this is often done, that they may use it more conveniently themselves, when some great Occasion or Interest offers it self to them.

CXXVI.

CXXVI.

To use crafty *Dealing*, is a Sign of a little *Soul*; and it generally falls out, that he who conceals himself by it in one *Instance*, betrays himself as much by it in another.

CXXVII.

Tricks and *Treachery* are the Practice of *Fools* that have not *Wit* enough to be *Honest*.

CXXVIII.

The most effectual Way to be *bubbled*, is to fanſie ones ſelf wiſer than one's *Neighbours*.

CXXIX.

Too great a Degree of *Subtilty* is counterfeit *Exactneſs*, and true *Exactneſs* is the beſt and moſt ſubſtantial *Subtilty*.

CXXX.

The being a *Blockhead*, is ſometimes the beſt *Security* againſt being impoſed upon by a Man of *Wit*.

CXXXI.

A weak *Mind* is the only *Defect* out of our *Power* to mend.

CXXXII.

When once *Women* have given themſelves over to make *Love*, the doing it on is the leaſt *Fault* they can be guilty of.

CXXXIII.

It is much eaſier to be wiſe in another Man's *Concern*, than in one's own.

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV.

There are no good *Copies*, except such as expose the Folly of *bad Originals*.

CXXXV.

Men become ridiculous, not so much for the *Qualities* they have, as those they would be thought to have, when they really have them not.

CXXXVI.

A Man at sometimes, differs as much from himself, as he does from other People.

CXXXVII.

Abundance of Men would never have been in *Love*, if they had never been entertained with any Discourse of *Love*.

CXXXVIII.

They that speak without *Ostentation*, content themselves with saying but little.

CXXXIX.

Rather than say nothing of themselves Men are content to speak ill of themselves.

CLX.

One Reason, why we find so very few Men of *Sense* and agreeable *Conversation*, is That almost every body's Mind is more intent upon what he himself hath a mind to say, than upon making pertinent Replies to what the rest of the Company say to him. The most *Ingenious* and *Complaisant* Sort go no farther than pretending to hearken attentively; when at the same Time, a Man

may plainly see, that both their Eyes and their Mind are roving from what is said to them, and posting back again to what they long to be at themselves. Whereas it ought to be considered, that to seek ones own Pleasure so very *Passionately*, can never be the way either to please or perswade others; and that diligent *Attention*, and proper *Repartees*, are the very Things that accomplish a Man for Company.

CCLI.

A Man of *Wit* would find himself sometimes miserably at a loss, if there were no *Fools* to divert him with their Company.

CXLII.

We often brag of never being out of Humour, and are so vain as never to think our selves bad Company.

CXLIII.

As great *Wits* have a peculiar Faculty of saying a great deal in a little; so half-witted *Fellows* have a Talent of talking much, and yet saying nothing.

CXLIV.

The Excellencies of other People are extolled and valued more from a good Opinion of our own Judgment, than a just Esteem of their Worth; and when we pretend to commend other Men, 'tis by a Side-Wind, to put other Men upon commending us.

CXLV.

CXLV.

No body loves to be upon the commending Strain; and indeed we seldom touch upon it without some little By-End. Praise is a more ingenious, concealed, and nicer kind of Flattery, that consults the Satisfaction both of the *Giver* and *Receiver*, though by very different Ways. The one accepts it, as a Reward due to his Desert; the other gives it, that he may be lookt upon as a Just and a Discreet Person.

CXLVI.

We often chuse to make use of Commendations that carry a Sting in the Tail; and by taking Men at the Rebound, (as it were) lay open some Defects in the Persons so commended, which we dare not venture to expose any other Way.

CXLVII.

The Design of commending others, is usually to be commended ones self.

CXLVIII.

Few People have the *Wisdom* to like Reproofs that would do them good, better than Praises that do them hurt.

CXLIX.

Some Censures are a *Commendation*, and some *Commendations* are no better than *Scandal*.

CL.

He that refuses *Praise* the first Time it

is offered, does it, because he would hear a second.

CLL.

The Desire of being worthy the Commendations of the World, is a great Assistance and strengthening to our Virtues; and to extol Mens *Wit*, or *Courage*, or *Beauty*, is to contribute to the increase of them.

CLII.

It is an easier matter to manage others, than to keep from being managed ones self.

CLIII.

If we did not flatter our selves, the Flatteries of other People could never hurt us.

CLIV.

We are beholden to *Nature* for *Worth* and *Talents*, but it is to *Fortune* that we owe the Opportunities of exerting them.

CLV.

Fortune mends more *Faults* in us, than ever *Reason* would be able to do.

CLVI.

Some Men displease with *Merit*, and other Peoples very *Faults* and *Defects* are taking.

CLVII.

All that some People are good for, is the saying and doing foolish Things *seasonably* and *usefully*; and when they are once taken out of this *Road*, you quite spoil them, and they are worth nothing.

CLVIII.

CLVIII.

Great Mens *Honour* ought always to be measured by the *Methods* they made use of for the attaining it.

CLIX.

Kings put a value upon *Men*, as well as *Money*, and we are forced to take them both, not by Weight, but according as they are pleased to stamp them, and at the current Rate of the Coin.

CLX.

It is not enough for *Men* to have great *Accomplishments*, except they have the Art of managing them.

CLXI.

Though an *Action* be never so *Glorious* in itself, it ought not to pass for *Great*, if it be not the *Effect* of *Wisdom*, and good *Design*.

CLXII.

Whoever expects to have what he desires turn to good Account, must take care to proportion his *Actions*, and the Ends he proposes from them.

CLXIII.

If a *Man* hath the Address of using moderate *Abilities* to the best *Advantage*, this *Dexterity* shall steal upon the *World*, and bring him oftentimes into greater *Reputation* than real *Merit*.

CLXIV

CLXIV.

There are a *World* of Proceedings, that appear odd and ridiculous, which yet are grounded upon secret *Reasons*, that are very solid and substantial.

CLXV.

It is easier for a *Man* to be thought fit for an *Employment* that he hath not, than for one that he stands already possest of, and is his proper Post.

CLXVI.

The Esteem of *Good Men* is the Reward of our *Worth*, but the *Reputation* of the *World* in general, is the Gift of our *Fate*.

CLXVII.

The Appearances of Goodness and Desert often meet with a greater Reward from the *World*, than real Goodness and Desert itself.

CLXVIII.

Covetousness is more opposite to Prudence and good Management, than Liberality is.

CLXIX.

Though *Hope* be exceeding deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through this *Life*, it conducts us an easier and more pleasant Way to our Journey's End.

CLXX.

Many People are kept within their Duty, because they have not the Courage, or will not

not be at the Pains of being wicked; and in such Cases oftentimes our Vertue runs away with all the Praise.

CLXXI.

It is hard to determine, whether a clear, open and honourable Proceeding, be the Result of good Principles, or good Management.

CLXXII.

Vertues are lost in *Interest*, as Rivers are in the *Sea*.

CLXXIII.

We are so strongly possess'd with a good Opinion of our selves, that we take those Things for *Vertues*, which are no other than *Vices* that look like them, and such as the *Love* of our selves imposes upon us with.

CLXXIV

There are several Sorts of *Curiosities*, one that proceeds from *Interest*, which puts us upon learning Things that can be any way useful and beneficial to us; and another from *Pride*, that comes from an *Itch* of knowing more than other People.

CLXXV.

A Mans *Wits* are employed to better purpose in bearing up under the Misfortunes that lie upon them at present, than in foreseeing those that may come upon him hereafter.

CLXXVI

CLXXVI.

Constancy in *Love* is a perpetual Inconstancy, which fixes our Hearts fast to all the Accomplishments of the Party beloved successively; sometimes admiring one, and sometimes another above all the rest, so that this *Constancy* roves as far as it can, and is no better than *Inconstancy*, confined within the compass of one Person.

CLXXVII.

Constancy in *Love* is of two Sorts, one is the Effect of new Excellencies that are always presenting themselves afresh, and attract our Affections continually; the other is only from a Point of *Honour*, and a taking a *Pride* not to change.

CLXXVIII.

Perseverance is in Strictness, neither praise nor Blame-worthy; for it seems to be only the lasting of certain Inclinations and Opinions, which Men neither give nor take away from themselves.

CLXXIX.

The Love of new Acquaintance, is not so much from being weary of what we had before; or any Satisfaction there is in change, as it is the Concern for being too little admired by those that know us well, and the Hope of being admired more by them that know us but little.

CLXXX .

CLXXX.

We complain sometimes that our *Friends* are fickle, only to be before-hand with them and justify our own *Inconstancy*.

CLXXXI.

Our *Repentances* are generally not so much a Concern and Remorse for the Ills we have done, as a Dread of those we were in danger of suffering.

CLXXXII.

There is an *Inconstancy* that proceeds from an unsettled *Judgment*, a natural Levity and Weakness, that espouses all Opinions as they come, and thinks as other People think; and there is another much more excusable, that arises from a Dislike and Disapproving of the Things themselves.

CLXXXIII.

Vices are mingled with *Vertues*, just as poisonous *Ingredients* are put into *Medicines*. A wise and skilful Hand tempers them together, and makes excellent use of them against the Misfortunes that attend *Human Life*.

CLXXXIV.

Some *Crimes* get *Honour* and *Renown* by being committed with more *Pomp*, by a greater Number; and in a higher Degree of Wickedness than others: And hence it is, that publick *Robberies*, *Plunderings* and *Sackings*, have been look'd upon as *Excellent*

lencies

encies and noble Atchievements, and the
seizing whole *Countries*, though never so un-
justly and barbarously, is dignified with the
Glorious Name of gaining *Conquests*.

CLXXXV.

We confess our Faults, by that Sincerity
to make amends for the Injury they have
done us in the Esteem of others.

CLXXXVI.

Some *Heroes* have been accounted so for
being greatly *Wicked*, no less than others for
being greatly *Good*.

CLXXXVII.

We do not always despise Men that have
some Vices, but it is impossible not to de-
spise those that have no *Vertue*.

CLXXXVIII.

The Name and Pretence of *Vertue* is as
serviceable to ones *Interest*, as real *Vices*.

CLXXXIX.

The Health of the *Soul* is what we can be
no more secure of, than that of our *Body* :
And though a Man may seem far from *Vice*
and *Passion*, yet he is in as much Danger of
falling into them, as one in a perfect State
of Health is of having a Fit of Sickness.

CXC.

Nature seems at each Man's Birth to have
markt out the Bounds of every ones *Vertues*
and *Vices*, and to have determined how
Good or how *Wicked* that Man shall be ca-
pable of being.

CXCI.

CXCI.

None but Great Men are capable of being greatly Ill.

CXCII.

Vices may be said to take us from one another in the Course of our Lives, just as *Inn-keepers* where we lodge upon a Journey do ; and I question, whether if we could travel the same Road twice over, the Experience of having been once ill used, would prevail with us to change our House next Time.

CXCIII.

When our *Vices* forsake us, we please ourselves with an Opinion, that we parted first and left them.

CXCIV.

The Distempers of the *Soul* have their Relapses, as many and as dangerous as those of the *Body* ; and what we take for a perfect Cure, is generally either an abatement of the same Disease, or the changing of that for another.

CXCV.

The *Defects* and *Faults* of the Mind, are like Wounds in the *Body* ; after all imaginable Care hath been taken to heal them up, still there will be a Scar left behind, and they are in continual Danger of breaking the Skin, and bursting out again.

CXCVI.

The only Reason why we do not give our selves intirely to one *Vice*, is oftentimes

because

because our *Affections* are divided, and we are fond of several.

CXCVII.

We easily forget our *Faults*, when nobody knows them but our selves.

CXCVIII.

Some Men are so good, that one cannot fairly believe any thing ill of them, without the Demonstration of seeing it our selves, but never any were so good, that we should be astonished when we do see it.

CXCIX.

We set up one Man's *Reputation* to pull down anothers; and sometimes Men would not be so copious in the Praise of the *Prince*, and *Monieur Turenne*, if it were not out of a Design to lessen them both.

CC.

The Desire to be thought a wise Man, oftentimes hinders ones coming to be really such.

CCI.

Vertue would not make such Advances, if there were not a little *Vanity* to bear it Company.

CCII.

He that fancies such a sufficiency in himself, that he can live without all the World, is mightily mistaken; but he that imagines himself so necessary, that other People cannot live without him, is a great deal more mistaken.

CCIII.

CCIII.

Those Men have but a counterfeit *Vertue* who dissemble their Faults, and hide them from others and themselves. The Men of true unaffected Goodness know their own Failings perfectly, and confess them freely.

CCIV.

He that would be a truly honest Man must be immoderately desirous of nothing.

CCV.

Niceness of Behaviour in *Women*, is only a Dress or Paint, which they use, the better to set off their *Beauty*.

CCVI.

Womens Vertue is frequently nothing, but a Regard to their own Quiet, and a Tenderness for their *Reputation*.

CCVII.

There is no better Proof of a Man's being truly *Good*, than his desiring to be constantly under the Observation of good Men.

CCVIII.

Folly dogs us every where, and at all Times. If one Man seem wiser than his *Neighbours*, it is only, because his *Follies* are better suited to his Age and his *Fortune*.

CCIX.

There are a great many *Cullies* that know it, and make very good Use of the Weakness and Easiness of their own *Temper*.

CCX.

CCX.

He that lives without *Folly*, is not so wise as he imagines.

CCXI.

Both *Folly* and *Wisdom* come upon us with *Years*.

CCXII.

Some Men are like *Ballads*, that are in every Bodies Mouth a little while.

CCXIII.

The generality of the *World* know no other Way of judging Peoples Worth, but by the *Vogue* they are in, or the Fortunes they have met with.

CCXIV.

The Love of *Reputation*, the Fear of *Shame*, the Design of promoting an *Interest*, the Desire of making Life easie and convenient, and a longing to pull down some above us, are frequently the Causes of that *Calour* so much cried up in the *World*.

CCXV.

Valour in private *Soldiers* is a hazardous Trade, which they have bound themselves to get their *Livelihood*.

CCXVI.

Compleat *Courage*, and absolute *Cowardice*, Extremes that very few Men fall into. The vast middle Space contains all the intermediate Kinds, and Degrees of *Courage*; these differ as much from one another,

as Mens Faces, or their Humours do. Some Men venture at all upon the first *Charge* of two, but if the *Action* continue, they cool and are easily dejected. Some satisfy themselves with having done what in strict Honour was necessary, and will not be prevailed upon to advance one Step farther. It is observable, that some have not the command of their Fears, at all Times alike. Others are sometimes carried away with general *Consternation*; some throw themselves into the *Action*, because they do not stay at their own *Post*. Now and then the being used to smaller Dangers hardens the *Courage*, and fits it for venturing upon greater. Some *Fellows* value not a *Sword* at all, but fear a *Musket-Shot*; and others are as unconcerned at the Discharge of a *Musket*, and ready to run at the sight of a naked *Sword*. All these *courageous Men* of so many Sorts and Sizes, agree in this, that Night as it adds to their Fear, so it conceals whether they do well or ill, and gives them opportunity of sparing themselves. And there is, besides this, another more general Tendernefs of a Man's self, for you meet with no body, even those that do most, but that would be capable of doing a great deal more still, if they could but be sure of coming off safe. Which makes it very plain that let a Man be never so *Stout*, yet

near of *Death* does certainly give some damp
his *Courage*.

CCXVII.

True *Valour* would do all that, when alone,
that it could do, if all the *World* were

CCXVIII.

Fearlessness is a more than ordinary
strength of *Mind*, that raises it above the
troubles, Disorders, and Emotions which
the Prospect of great Dangers are used to
produce. And by this inward Strength it
that *Heroes* preserve themselves in a *Calm*
and quiet *State*, enjoy a Presence of *Mind*,
and the free use of their Reason in the midst
of those terrible Accidents, that amaze and
confound other People.

CCXIX.

Hypocrisie is a Sort of *Homage* which *Vice*
pays to *Vertue*.

CCXX.

Most Men are willing to expose their Per-
sons in an *Engagement*, for the love of *Ho-*
nor; but very few are content to expose
themselves so far, as the design they go up-
on requires, to render it successful.

CCXXI.

The *Courage* of a great many Men, and
the *Vertue* of a great many Women, are the
effect of *Vanity*, *Shame*, and especially a suit-
able *Constitution*.

CCXXII.

Men are loth to lose their *Lives*, and yet they are desirous of getting *Honour* to which is the reason why Men of *Gallantry* use more *Dexterity* and *Wit* to decline *Death* than *Knaves* do to secure their *Estates*.

CCXXIII.

There are very few Persons, but discover as soon as they come to decline in Years where the chief Failings lie, both of the *Body* and their *Mind*.

CCXXIV.

Gratitude among *Friends*, is like Credit among *Tradesmen*, it keeps Business up, and maintains the *Correspondence*. And we frequently pay not so much out of a Principle that we ought to discharge our *Debts*, as to secure our selves a Place to be trusted at another Time.

CCXXV.

Some there are who have done all that can be expected by Way of *Gratitude*, and are not able for all that, to please themselves upon their being grateful; nor satisfied with what they have done.

CCXXVI.

That which occasions so many Mistakes in the *Computations* of Men, when they expect Returns for Favours, is, that both the *Giver* and the *Receiver* are proud, and these Two can never agree upon the value

of the Kindnesses that have been done. The
 ever over-reckons, and the *Receiver* under-
 values them.

CCXXVII.

To make too much haste to return an
Obligation, is one sort of *Ingratitude*.

CCXXVIII.

Men find it more easie to set Bounds to
 their Acknowledgments, than to their
 Hopes and their Desires.

CCXXIX.

Pride never can indure to be in *Debt*, and
Self-Love never cares to pay.

CCXXX.

The Good that we have received, should
 alifie for the Ill that hath been done us.

CCXXXI.

Nothing is of so pestilent spreading a
Nature, as Example; and no Man does any
 exceeding Good, or very wicked Thing;
 but it produces others of the same kind.
 The Good we are carried to the imitation
 by our *Emulation*, and the bad by *Cor-
 ruption* and *Malignity* of our *Nature*; which
 same indeed confines and keeps up close,
 but Example unlocks its Chains, and lets
 loose.

CCXXXII.

To think to be Wise alone, is a very
 great Folly.

CCXXXIII.

Whatever other pretended Cause we make for our *Afflictions* upon, it is very often nothing but *Interest*, and *Vanity*, that are the true Causes of them.

CCXXXIV.

There are *Hypocrisies* of several kinds in our *Afflictions*. In one sort, we pretend to lament the Loss of some *Friend* exceedingly dear to us, and all the while this *Lamentation* is only for our selves. We are troubled to think our selves less happy, less easy, less considerable, and less valued, than we were before. Thus the *Dead* carry away our Name and the Honour of those Tears, that are shed only upon the Account of the Loss. And this I call *Hypocrisie* of one kind, because in these *Afflictions*, People impose upon themselves. There is another kind, not so harmless as this, because that imposes upon all the World. And this is the *Affliction* of a sort of Persons, that pretend to a *Decency*, and a never dying Concern in their Grief. When *Time*, the *Waster* of all Things, hath worn off the Concern that they really had, then they will needs be obstinate in their *Sorrows*, and still carry on their *Complaints* and their *Sighs*. They put on the Characters of *Mourning* and *Sadness*, and take a great deal of Pains by all their *Actions*, to make the World believe, their

Pencholy can never have any *rest*, any *cessa-*
tion, but in the *Grave*. This dismal, tire-
some, and solemn *Vanity* is most usual among
ambitious *Women*: Their Sex hath shut them
out from all the common Ways that lead to
Honour, and that makes them attempt to
signalize themselves, by all this Pageantry
of an *Affliction*, too deep to admit of any
comfort. There are yet another sort of
tears, that have but shallow Springs, quick-
and easily flow, and are as easily dried
up again; these are such as weep to gain
the Reputation of *Tendernefs* and good *Na-*
ture; such as cry because they would be pi-
ed; such as cry because they would make
the *Other People* cry; and, in a Word, such
as cry, only because they are ashamed not
to cry.

CCXXXV.

Our Concern for the loss of our *Friends*,
is not always from a Sense of their *Worth*,
but rather of our own occasions for them;
and that we have lost some, who had a good
Opinion of us.

CCXXXVI.

We are easily *comforted* for the *Disgraces*
of our *Friends*, when they give us an occa-
sion of expressing our *Tendernefs* for them.

CCXXXVII.

One would think, that *Self-Love* were
Over-reached by *Good-Nature* and *Vertue*,

and that a Man wholly forgets and neglects himself, when he is employ'd in promoting the Advantage of Others. But, when all is done, this is the most effectual Way of compassing a Man's own Ends; it is putting out to Interest, when we pretend to give freely; in a Word, it is winning over the Affections of all that know us, and gaining upon them by a more nice and dexterous Way.

CCXXXVIII.

No Man deserves to be commended for his Vertue, who hath it not in his Power to be wicked; all other Goodness is generally no better than Sloth, or an Impotence in the Will.

CCXXXIX.

It is safer to do most Men Hurt, than to do them too much Good.

CCXL.

Nothing imposes more upon our Pride than the Intimacy and particular *Confidence* of Great Persons; for we look upon ourselves as admitted to these by virtue of our own Desert; and never consider, that it happens much oftner, from a particular Vanity in their Humour, or the not being able to keep a Secret. For indeed, a Man may observe, that the unbosoming ones self to another, is a kind of release to the Soul, which strives to lighten its Burden, and find Ease, by throwing off the Weight that lay heavy upon it.

CCXLI.

CCXLI.

If we look upon Agreeableness distinct from Beauty, we may call it a sort of Proportion, the Rules of which no body can positively define; a secret relation of the Lines to one another, and of all these together, to the *Complexion* and *Air* of the Person.

CCXLII.

A *Cocquet Humour* is the very Nature of Women, but all of them do not practise it, because some are restrained, either by Fear, or by better Sense.

CCXLIII.

We frequently are troublesome to others, when we think it impossible for us ever to be so.

CCXLIV.

There are but very few Things impossible in their own *Nature*; and we do not want Means to conquer *Difficulties*, so much *Application* and *Resolution* in the use of Means.

CCXLV.

The principal Point of *Wisdom*, is to know how to *value Things* just as they deserve.

CCXLVI.

It is a great Act of *Wisdom* to be able to conceal ones being *Wise*.

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CCXLVII.

CCXLVII.

What we take for Generosity, is very often no other than *Ambition* well *dissembled* that scorns mean Interests, only to pursue greater.

CCXLVIII.

That which most Men would put upon us for *Fidelity*, is only a *Contrivance* of *Self Love*, to make our selves trusted; it is a Trick to set our selves above other People and get the *most important Matters* deposited with us, upon a *Confidence*, that they are then in safe Hands.

CCXLIX.

Magnanimity despises all, that it may grasp all.

CCL.

Eloquence is as much seen in the *Tone* and *Cadence* of the Eyes, and Air of the Face as in the *Choice* of proper *Expressions*.

CCLI.

True *Eloquence* consists in saying all that is fit to be said, and leaving out all that is not fit.

CCLII.

There are some Persons, upon whom their very *Faults* and *Failings* sit gracefully and there are others, whose very *Excellencies* and *Accomplishments* do not become them.

CCLIII.

It is as common for Men to change their *Palates*, as it is unusual to see them change their *Inclinations*.

CCLIV.

CCLIV.

Interest is the Thing that puts Men upon exercising their *Vertues* and *Vices* of all Kinds.

CCLV.

Humility is very often only the putting on of a *Submission*, by which Men hope to bring other People to submit to them: It is a more artificial sort of *Pride*, which debases it self with a Design of being exalted; and though this *Vice* transform it self into a Thousand several Shapes, yet the Disguise is never more effectual, nor more capable of deceiving the World, than when concealed under a Form of *Humility*.

CCLVI.

The *Resentments* of the *Soul* have each of them their Tone and Cadence of the *Voice*, their *Gestures* of the Body, and their *Forms* and *Air* peculiar to them; and, as this Propriety is well or ill observed, in the same Proportion the Persons please or displease us.

CCLVII.

Men of all *Professions* affect an Air, and Out-side, that may make them appear what they are thought to be; so that a Man may say, That the whole World is made up of nothing but Appearances.

CCLVIII.

Gravity is a kind of mystical Behaviour in the

the Body, found out to conceal, and set off the Defects of the Mind.

CCLIX.

The Pleasure of Love is Loving; and a Man is more happy in his own Passion for another, than in that another hath for him.

CCLX.

Civility is a Desire to be civilly used, and to be thought an accomplish'd well bred Man.

CCLXI.

The breeding we give young People, is but an additional Self-Love, by which we make them have a better Conceit of Themselves.

CCLXII.

Self-Love hath no where a greater share, nor is more predominant in any Passion, than in that of Love, and Men are always more disposed to sacrifice all the Ease of them they love, than to part with any Degree of their own.

CCLXIII.

What we call Liberality, is for the most part only the Vanity of Giving; and we exercise it, because we are more fond of that Vanity, than of the Thing we give.

CCLXIV.

Pity and Compassion is frequently a Sense of our own Misfortunes, in those of other Men: It is an *ingenious Foresight* of the Disasters that may fall upon us hereafter.

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believe others, that they may return the like, when our own Occasions call for it; and the good Offices we do them, are, in strict speaking, so many Kindnesses done to our selves before-hand.

CCLXV.

It is from a Weakness and Littleness of Soul, that Men are stiff and positive in their Opinions; and we are very loth to believe what we are not able to comprehend,

CCLXVI.

It is a mighty Error, to suppose, that none but violent and strong Passions, such as *Love* and *Ambition*, are able to vanquish the rest: Even *Idleness*, as feeble and languishing as it is, sometimes reigns over them; this usurps the Throne, and sits paramount over all the Designs and Actions of our Lives, and insensibly wastes and destroys all our Passions, and all our *Virtues*.

CCLXVII.

A Readiness to believe Ill, before we have duly examined it, is the Effect of *Laziness* and *Pride*. Men are pleased to find others to blame, and loth to give themselves the trouble of inquiring how far, and whether they are so or not.

CCLXVIII.

We refuse some Judges in Matters of less concern, and yet are content to have our Honour and Reputation depend upon the Judgment of

Judgment of People that are sure to be against us, for either their Jealousie, or their Prejudices, or their Ignorance will incline them to be so. And we should never expose our Ease, and our Lives, so many Ways as we do, if it were not to bribe Men to give Sentence in our Favour.

CCLXIX.

There are but few Men wise enough to know all the Mischief they do.

CCLXX.

The Honour we have already gotten, is an Engagement for that which we mean to get.

CCLXXI.

Youth is a continual Drunkenness, the very Fever of Reason.

CCLXXII.

We love to spend our Judgments upon other Peoples Destiny, but never care that they should spend theirs upon us.

CCLXXIII.

There are a great many Men valued in the World, who have nothing to recommend them, but serviceable Vices.

CCLXXIV.

The living strictly by Rule, for the preservation of *Health*, is one of the most troublesome Diseases that can be.

CCLXXV.

That good Disposition which boasts of being most tender, is often stifled by the least Interest.

CCLXXVI.

CCLXXVI.

Absence cools moderate Passions, and inflames violent ones; just as the Wind blows out Candles, but kindles Fires.

CCLXXVII.

Women often fancy themselves in Love, when there is no such matter. The Diversion of an *Amour*, the little Commotions that an *Intrigue* raises in their Breasts; the natural Inclination to be *Courted*, and the Trouble of denying, makes them fancy that what they feel is Passion; when, in Truth, it is nothing but a *coquet Humour*.

CCLXXVIII.

The truly honest Man is, who is virtuous without Affectation.

CCLXXIX.

What makes us often dissatisfy'd with those who undertake an Accommodation, is, that they very often sacrifice the Interest of their Friends, to the Interest of the Success of their Negotiation, which becomes their own by the Honour of having succeeded in the Enterprize.

CCLXXX.

When we inlarge upon the Tenderness our Friends have for us, this is very often, not so much out of a Sense of Gratitude, as from a Desire to perswade People of our own great Worth, that can deserve so much Kindness.

CCLXXXI.

CCLXXXI.

The Applause we give to Men, that are just setting up for Reputation in the World, is often from a Spirit of Envy; and a secret Way of detracting from others, that have established a good Reputation to themselves already.

CCLXXXII.

Pride that inspires us with so much Envy, is sometimes of use toward the moderating it too.

CCLXXXIII.

There are some Counterfeits so very like Truths, that we should injure our Judgments, not to submit to the Cheat.

CCLXXXIV.

It is sometimes as great a Point of Wisdom, to know how to make use of good Advice from others, as to be able to advise ones self.

CCLXXXV.

There are some wicked Men in the World, that would not be able to do half so much hurt, if they had no good Qualities to recommend them.

CCLXXXVI.

Magnanimity is sufficiently understood, and defined, by its very Name. But yet one may say, That it is the Wisdom of Pride, the best and most noble Method for getting the *Commendations* of others.

CCLXXXVII.

CCLXXXVII.

No Man can truly love, a second Time, the Person whom he hath once truly ceased to love.

CCLXXXVIII.

The different Methods for compassing the same Design, come not so much from the fruitfulness of our Inventions, as from the weakness of our Understandings; which makes us pitch upon every fresh Matter that presents it self to our Fancy, and does not furnish us with Judgment sufficient to discern, at first sight, which of them is best, and most for our purpose.

CCLXXXIX.

Affected Plainness is but a nicer and more laboured Cheat.

CCXC.

The Humour occasions more Defects than the Understanding.

CCXI.

Mens Deserts are like Fruits, for they have both of them their particular Seasons.

CCXCII.

One may say of Mens Humours, that they resemble the generality of Buildings, they have several Prospects, some of them agreeable, and some much otherwise.

CCXGIII.

Moderation can never have the honour of contending with Ambition, and subduing it; for

for they cannot possibly meet in the same Breast. Moderation is the Feebleness and Sloth of the Soul, whereas Ambition is the Warmth, and the Activity of it.

CCXCIV.

We always love those that admire us, but we do not always love those that we admire.

CCXCV.

We are very far from always knowing our own Minds.

CCXCVI.

It is a hard matter to love those, for whom we have not a real Esteem; and it is every whit as hard to love those, that we think a great deal better than our selves.

CCXCVII.

The Humours of the Body have a *constant Course*, and *regular Motion*, that insensibly draws our Will after it; they take their Rounds together, and govern us by turns. So that our *Constitution* hath, in Truth, a very considerable Share in all we do, though we cannot always perceive it.

CCXCVIII.

A great many Mens *Gratitude* is nothing else, but a secret Desire to hook in more valuable Kindnesses hereafter.

CCXCIX.

Almost every body takes a delight to return small *Favours*; a great many pay their
Acknow

Moral Reflections.

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Acknowledgments for moderate ones, but there is scarce any body, but is unthankful for such as are extraordinary.

CCC.

Some *Follies*, like *Diseases*, are caught by *Infection*.

CCCI.

Abundance of Men despise *Riches*, but few know how to dispose of them.

CCCII.

It is in Matters of no great moment commonly, where we venture, not to believe *Probabilities*.

CCCIII.

Whatever Men say in our *Commendation*, they tell us nothing but what we knew before.

CCCIV.

We often forgive those that have *injured* us, but we can never pardon those that we have *injured*.

CCCV.

Interest, upon which we commonly lay the blame of all our ill *Actions*, oftentimes deserves the commendation due to our good ones.

CCCVI.

A Man seldom finds People unthankful, till he ceases to be in a *Condition* of obliging them any farther.

CCCVII.

CCCVII.

It is as commendable, for a Man to think well of himself when he is alone, as it is ridiculous to publish his doing it in all Companies.

CCCVIII.

Moderation is represented as a *Vertue*, with a Design to restrain the *Ambition* of *Great Men*; and to perswade those of a meaner *Condition*, to be contented with a less Proportion of *Merit*, and of *Fortune*.

CCCIX.

There are some Men cut out for *Fools*, that do not only make their *Follies* their choice, but are forced into them by *Fortune*, whether they will or no.

CCCX.

Such odd Accidents there are sometimes, attending *Humane Life*, that a little Folly is necessary to help us well out of them.

CCCXI.

If there be Men whose Folly never appeared, it is only for want of being nicely lookt into.

CCCXII.

The Reason why *Ladies*, and their *Lovers* are easie in one another's Company, is because they never talk of any thing but themselves.

CCCXIII.

What an odd Thing it is, that our *Me-*
mories

Memories should serve us to recollect all the little *Circumstances* that have happened to us, and yet that we should not remember, how often we have told them over and over again, to one and the same Person?

CCCXIV.

The exceeding Delight we take in discoursing about our selves, may well make us suspect, that we allow but very little Pleasure to them that converse with us.

CCCXV.

The Reason why we do not let our *Friends* see the very bottom of our *Hearts*, is, not so much, from any distrust we have of them, as that we have of our selves.

CCCXVI.

Half-witted People can never be sincere.

CCCXVII.

The Misfortune of obliging unthankful People is no very great Misfortune, but to be obliged to a Brute, is one not to be endured.

CCCXVIII.

Some Remedies may be found to cure *Folly*, but none that can reform a perverse Spirit.

CCCXIX.

No body can continue long to think respectfully of their *Friends* and *Benefactors*, if they allow themselves the liberty to talk often of their Faults.

CCCXX.

CCCXX.

To commend *Princes* for *Vertues* which they have not, is only to take a safe Way of abusing them.

CCCXXI.

We may sooner be brought to love them that hate us, than them that love us more than we desire they should do.

CCCXXII.

No body fears being despised, but those that deserve it.

CCCXXIII.

Our *Wisdom* lies as much at the Mercy of *Fortune*, as our Possessions do.

CCCXXIV.

Jealousie is not so much from the love of another, as the love of our selves.

CCCXXV.

We oftentimes are comforted for Misfortunes by the want of *Reason* and *Judgment*, which the Strength of *Reason* could not comfort us under.

CCCXXVI.

The exposing of a Man, dishonours him more than a real Dishonour.

CCCXXVII.

When we own small *Faults*, it is with a Design to make People believe, we have no great ones.

CCCXXVIII.

Envy is more incapable of *Reconciliation* than *Hatred*.

CCCXXIX.

CCCXXIX.

Men fancy sometimes, they have an Aversion to *Flattery*, when, alas! it is only to the manner of expressing it.

CCCXXX.

As long as we love, we can forgive.

CCCXXXI.

It is harder to continue faithful, after good Success, than after ill Usage.

CCCXXXII.

Women are not sensible how exceeding Coquet they are.

CCCXXXIII.

Women are never absolutely reserved, except where they have an Aversion.

CCCXXXIV.

Women can more easily conquer their *Passion* than their *Affectation*.

CCCXXXV.

Deceit goes generally farther in *Love*, than *Distrust*.

CCCXXXVI.

There is one kind of *Love*, where Excess prevents Jealousie.

CCCXXXVII.

Some good *Qualities* are like our *Senses*, those that have no use of them, can have no Notion of them.

CCCXXXVIII.

When our *Hatred* is too fierce, it subjects us to the Persons we hate.

CCCXXXIX.

CCCXXXIX.

Our good and our ill Fortune are both resented, in proportion to the *Love* we have for our selves.

CCCXL.

Most Womens Wit tends more to the improving their *Folly*, than their *Reason*.

CCCXLI.

The *Passions* of *Youth* are not more dangerous, than the Lukewarmness of Old Age.

CCCXLII.

The Tang of a Man's native *Country* sticks by him, as much in his Mind and Disposition, as it does in his Tone of Speaking.

CCCXLIII.

He that would make a Great Man, must learn to turn every Accident to some *Advantage*.

CCCXLIV.

The generality of Men are like *Plants*, that have secret *Vertues*, which are found out by *Chance*.

CCCXLV.

Occasions make us known to others, and much more so to our selves.

CCCXLVI.

Women never can have any such thing as strict *Rules* in their *Mind* and *Disposition*, if their *Constitution* be but consenting.

CCCXLVII.

We seldom meet with any *wise Men*, except such as are of our own *Opinion*.

CCCXLVIII.

CCCXLVIII.

When a Man is in *Love*, he doubts, very often, what he most firmly believes.

CCCXLIX.

The greatest *Miracle Love* can work, is to cure People of their *Coquet Humour*.

CCCL.

The Reason why we have so little Patience with those that have tricked us, is because they fancy themselves to have more Wit than we.

CCCLI.

When a Man is out of *Love* with himself, he finds it the hardest Thing in the World to break.

CCCLII.

We are generally soonest weary of those Men, whom we ought never to be weary of at all.

CCCLIII.

An accomplish'd Man may love indiscreetly, but not sottishly.

CCCIV.

There are some *Faults*, which when dexterously managed, make a brighter Shew than *Vertue* it self

CCCV.

Some Men are more miss'd than lamented when we lose them; and others very much lamented, and very little miss'd.

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CCCLVI.

CCCLVI.

We very seldom commend any body in good earnest, except such as admire us.

CCCLVII.

Mean Souls are exceedingly struck with little Things, but great Souls see all, and are discomposed by none.

CCCLVIII.

Humility is the sure Evidence of *Christian Vertues*. Without this we retain all our Faults still, and they are only covered over with Pride, which hides them from other Mens *Observation*, and sometimes from our own too.

CCCLIX.

Unfaithfulness ought to quench our Love quite, and we do ill to be jealous when there is Reason. No body is worth the jealousy of another, who will give any occasion for it.

CCCLX.

Small Faults, whereby our selves we sufferers, lessen the Committers of them our Esteem, more than great ones committed against other People.

CCCLXI.

Jealousie is always born with Love, but does not always die with it.

CCCLXII.

The Violences that other People use to

war

ward us, are oftentimes less painful, than those we commit upon our selves.

CCCLXIII.

It is a Rule generally known, not to talk much of ones *Wife*, but Men do not consider as they should, that they ought much less to talk of themselves.

CCCLXIV.

Some good Qualities, if they be *natural*, usually degenerate into Faults, and others again, are never compleat, if they be acquired: For instance, a Man should learn good *Husbandry* in his *Estate*, and his *Confidences*, from Reason and Experience only, if he would keep this Quality from being *pericious*; and on the other side, *Courage* and good *Nature* must be born with us, or we can never have them in any good Degree.

CCCLXV.

Though we pretend never so much to distrust the Sincerity of those we converse with, yet still we think they tell more Truth to us, than to any body else.

CCCLXVI.

There is many an honest *Woman* weary of her Trade.

CCCLXVII.

The generality of honest *Women* are like *hid Treasures*, which are safe, only because no body hath sought after them.

CCCLXVIII.

The Force Men use to themselves, to hinder *Love*, is oftentimes more cruel, than the severest Usage from the Party beloved.

CCCLXIX.

Very few *Cowards* know the utmost of their own Fears.

CCCLXX.

It is commonly the Fault of People in *Love*, that they are not sensible when they cease to be beloved.

CCCLXXI.

Nothing is so unwelcome a Sight, as the Person we *love*, when we have been *coquetting* it with some body else.

CCCLXXII.

There are some *Tears*, that after they have cheated other People, carry on the Deceit, and impose upon our very selves at last.

CCCLXXIII.

The Man that thinks he loves his *Mistress* for her own sake, is mightily mistaken.

CCCLXXIV.

A Man may bear his Faults pretty patiently, when he is hardened so far as to overlook them.

CCCLXXV.

True *Friendship* destroys *Envy*, and true *Love* breaks a *Coquet* Humour.

CCCLXXVI.

CCCLXXVI.

The greatest Fault of *Penetration*, is not coming short of the Mark, but overshooting

CCCLXXVII.

Men give us *Advice*, not the *good Sense* to make a wise use of it.

CCCLXXVIII.

When our *Merit* lowers, our *Taste* lowers with it.

CCCLXXIX.

Fortune makes our *Vertues* and *Vices* visible, just as Light does the Objects of Sight.

CCCLXXX.

When a Man forces himself to be constant in his *Love*, this is no better than *Inconstancy*.

CCCLXXXI.

Our Actions are like the last Syllables in Words, which every Man makes *Rhyme* to what he thinks fit.

CCCLXXXII.

The Desire of talking of our selves, and shewing our Failings on that side we are content they should be seen on, makes up a great Part of our *Sincerity*.

CCCLXXXIII.

There is nothing deserves so much to be wondered at, as that Men should live so long, and wonder at any Thing.

CCCLXXXIV.

Men are as far from being satisfied with a great deal of *Love*, as with a little.

CCCLXXXV.

No Men are oftner wrong, than those that can least bear to be so.

CCCLXXXVI.

A *Block-head* hath not Stuff enough to make a good Man of.

CCCLXXXVII.

If *Vanity* do not quite over-turn our *Virtues*, yet at least it makes them all totter.

CCCLXXXVIII.

We have no Patience with other Peoples *Vanity*, because it is offensive to our own.

CCCLXXXIX.

Interest is more easily forgone than *Inclination*.

CCCXC.

No body thinks *Fortune* so blind, as those she hath been least kind to.

CCCXCI.

We should manage our selves with regard to our *Fortune*, as we do with regard to our *Health*. When good, enjoy and make the best of it; when ill, bear it patiently, and never take strong *Physick*, without an absolute necessity.

CCCXCII.

The Air of a *Citizen* is sometimes lost in an *Army*, but never in a *Court*.

CCCXCIII.

CCCXCIII.

One Man may be too cunning for another, but no body can be too cunning for all the World.

CCCXCIV.

'Tis better for a Man sometimes to be deceived in what he *loves*, than to be undeceived.

CCCXCV.

The first Lover is kept a long while, when no Offer is made of a second.

CCCXCVI.

We have not the Confidence to say in general Terms, that our selves have no ill *Qualities*, and that our Enemies have no good ones; but when we talk of Particulars, we are pretty near thinking so.

CCCXCVII.

Of all our Faults, we are most easily reconciled to *Idleness*; we perswade our selves, that it is allied to all the peaceable *Vertues*, and as for the rest, that it does not destroy any of them utterly, but only suspends the Exercise of them.

CCCXCVIII.

There is a Sublimity of Mind, that hath no dependance upon *Fortune*. 'Tis a certain Air of Authority, that seems to lay us out for Great Things. 'Tis a value which we insensibly set upon our selves, and by this Quality it is, that we usurp the Re-

spects of other People, as if they were our due; and this it is commonly, that raises us more above them, than either *Birth*, or *Honours*, or even *Desert* it self.

CCCXCIX.

There is Worth sometimes, without a Greatness of *Soul*, but there is never a great Soul without some Degree of Worth.

CCCC.

Greatness of Mind sets off *Merit*, as good dressing does handsome Persons.

CCCCI.

Love is the least Part of a modish Courtship.

CCCCII.

Fortune sometimes makes our very *Failings* the Means of raising us. And there are some troublesome Fellows, who deserve to be rewarded so far, as to have their Absence purchased by Preferments at a distance.

CCCCIII.

Nature seems to have treasured up in every one of our Minds some secret *Talents*, and some one particular Faculty, which we are not sensible of; it is the Privilege of the *Passions* alone, to bring these to Light, and to direct us sometimes to surer and more excellent Aims than it is possible for *Reason* to do.

CCCCIV.

We come altogether fresh and raw into the several Stages of *Life*, and notwithstanding

ing we have lived so long, are as much to seek sometimes, as if we had never had any Experience at all.

CCCCV.

Coquets pretend to be jealous of their *Lovers*, to conceal their *Envy* of other *Women*.

CCCCVI.

Those that are overtaken by any Subtilties of ours, do not seem near so foolish and ridiculous to us, as we our selves are in our own Opinion, when we have been outwitted by theirs.

CCCCVII.

Nothing is more *ridiculous* in old People, that have been *handsome* formerly, than to forget, that they are not so still.

CCCCVIII.

We should often blush for our very best *Actions*, if the World did but see all the Motives upon which they were done.

CCCCIX.

The boldest Stroke, and best Act of Friendship, is not to discover our Failings to a *Friend*, but to shew him his own.

CCCCX.

The greatest Part of our Faults are more excusable, than the Methods that are commonly taken to conceal them.

CCCCXI.

Though we have deserved Shame never so much, yet it is almost always in our

own Power, to recover our Reputation.
CCCCXII.

After having exposed the Falſity of ſo many ſeeming *Vertues*, it is but reaſonable I ſhould add ſomewhat of that Deceit there is in the *Contempt* of Death; that *Contempt* of it I mean, which the Heathens pretended to derive from the Strength of *Nature* and *Reason*, without any Hope of a better Life to animate them. There is a great deal of Difference between ſuffering Death with Bravery and Reſolution, and ſlighting it. The former is very uſual, but I very much ſuſpect, that the other is never real and ſincere. There hath been a great deal *written*, 'tis confeſs'd, and as much as the *Subject* will bear, to prove, that *Death* is no Evil; and Men of very inferior *Characters*, as well as *Heroes*, have furniſh'd us with a great many eminent Examples in confirmation of this Opinion. — But ſtill I am very much perſwaded, that no wiſe Man ever believed ſo; and the trouble they are at to perſwade others and themſelves, ſhews plainly, that this was no ſuch eaſie Undertaking. There may be a great many Reaſons, why Men ſhould be out of Conceit with Life; but there can be none, why we ſhould deſpiſe Death: Even thoſe who run voluntarily upon it, do not reckon it ſo inconfiderable a Matter, but are confounded, and decline

decline it as much as others, if it approach them in any other Shape, but that of their own chusing. The great Disparity observable between the *Courage* of a World of brave Men, hath no other Foundation than this, That they have different *Ideas* of Death, and that it appears more present to their Fancy upon some Occasions, and at some Times, than it does at others. Hence it is, that after having slighted what they did not know, they are afraid when they come to be better acquainted with it. If a Man would perswade himself, that it is not the very greatest of Evils, he must decline looking it in the Face, and considering all its ghastly *Circumstances*. The wisest and the bravest Men, are they that take the fairest and most honourable Pretences, to avoid the Consideration of it. But every body that knows it as it really is, finds it to be a Thing full of *Horror*. The necessity of dying, was what the *Philosophers* owed their *Constancy* of Mind to; they thought when there was no Remedy, but a Man must go, it was best to go with a good *Grace*. And, since there was no Possibility of making their Lives *Eternal*, they would stick at nothing to make their Names so, and secure all that from the Wreck, which was capable of being secured. Let us put the best Face upon the Matter we can, satisfy our selves with

with not speaking all we think; and hope more from a happy *Constitution*, than all the feeble Reasonings, that gull us with a Fancy of our being able to meet Death unconcerned. The Honour of dying gallantly; the Hope of being lamented when we are gone; the Desire of leaving a good Name behind us; the Certainty of a Deliverance from the Miseries of the present Life, and of depending no longer upon a fickle and humourful Fortune, are Remedies that we shall do well to make our best of.

But though these be no contemptible Remedies, yet we must not suppose they are infallible ones. They may help to put us in Heart, just as a poor *Hedge* in an *Engagement*, contributes to encourage the *Soldiers* that are to march near, where the *Enemy* are firing behind it. While they are at a distance, they imagine it may be a good Shelter, but when they come up to the Place, Experience convinces them, it is but a thin Defence. 'Tis a vain Imagination, and too fatal a Flattery, to think that Death hath the same Face near at Hand, which we fancy him to have, while we view him at a distance; and that our Reasonings, which in Truth are Weakness it self, will prove of so hardned a Temper as to hold out proof, and not yield to the severest of all *Tryals*. Besides, it shews we
are

are but little acquainted with the Power of *Self-Love*, when we imagine, that will do us any service toward the looking upon that very Thing as a Trifle, which must of necessity be its utter Ruin; and Reason, in which we so often take Sanctuary, hath not the Power upon this occasion to make us believe, what we wish to find true. So far from that, that this betrays us oftener than any other thing; and instead of animating us with a *Contempt* of Death, gives us a more lively Representation of all its *Terror* and *Gastliness*. All it is able to do in our behalf, is only to advise, that we would turn our Heads another Way, and divert the Thought by fixing our Eyes upon some other Objects. *Cato* and *Brutus* chose Noble ones indeed. A Page not long ago satisfied himself with dancing upon the *Scaffold*, whether he was brought to be broke upon the Wheel. And thus, though in the Motives, there was a vast difference, yet still the Effects were exactly the same. So true it is, that after all the Disproportion between Great and Vulgar Minds, People of both Sorts have given a World of Instances, of meeting Death with the same Unconcernedness. But still there is this Difference observable betwixt them, that in the *Contempt* of Death, which Great Men express, the Desire and Love of Honour is the Thing that

that blinds them; and in People of a meaner Capacity and Disposition, their Ignorance and Stupidity is the Thing, that keeps them from seeing the Greatness of the Evil they are to suffer, and leaves them at Liberty to take their Thoughts off from this Subject, and place them upon something else.

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New Moral Reflections.

P A R T II.

I.

A Man can never please long, that hath but one Sort of *Wit*.

II.

Fools and *Coxcombs* see all by their own Humour.

III.

Wit serves sometimes to make us play the *Fool* with greater *Confidence*.

IV.

Briskness, that increases with *Old Age*, is but one Degree removed from *Folly*.

V.

The first Cure in *Love* is always the best.

VI.

Young *Women* that would not be thought *Coquet*, and Old *Men* that would not be *Ridiculous*, should never talk of *Love*, as if they had any concern in it.

VII.

VII.

We may seem Great in an *Employment* below our *Desert*, but we very often look little in one that is too big for us.

VIII.

We often in our Misfortunes take that for *Constancy* and *Patience*, which is only Dejection of Mind; we suffer without daring to hold up our *Heads*, just as *Cowards* let themselves be knockt o' th' *Head*, because they have not *Courage* to strike again.

IX.

Confidence goes farther in *Company*, than *Wit*.

X.

All our *Passions* engage us in Faults; but those are the most ridiculous ones, that Love makes us commit.

XI.

Few Men know how to be old.

XII.

We value our selves upon Failings most distant from our own; when we are fickle and irresolute, we brag of being Obstinate and Peremptory.

XIII.

A *penetrating Wit* hath an Air of Divination, which swells our *Vanity* more than any other Accomplishment of the Mind.

XIV.

The Beauty of *Novelty*, and the Length of *Custom*, though so very opposite to one another.

another, yet agree in this, that they both alike keep us from discovering the Faults of our Friends.

XV.

Most Friends give us a Dislike to *Friendship*, and most Devotees to Vows.

XVI.

We easily forgive our Friends those Faults, by which our selves are not offended.

XVII.

Women in *Love* can sooner forgive great Indiscretions, than small Infidelities.

XVIII.

It is with an old *Love*, as it is with old *Age*, a Man lives to all the Miseries, but is dead to all the Pleasures of Life.

XIX.

Nothing hinders a Thing from appearing *Natural*, so much as the straining our selves to make it seem so.

XX.

When we commend good *Actions* heartily, we make them in some measure our own.

XXI.

The surest Sign of a Noble *Disposition*, is to have no Envy in ones *Nature*.

XXII.

When our *Friends* have deceived us, there is nothing but Indifference due to the Expressions of their Kindness; but still we owe them a tender Sense of their Misfortunes.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Fortune and Humour govern the World.

XXIV.

It is easier to know Mankind in general, than any one Man in particular.

XXV.

A Man's Worth is not to be esteemed so much according to his good *Qualities*, as according to the use he makes of them.

XXVI.

There is a kind of Acknowledgment, that does not only discharge us of all past *Obligations*, but makes our *Friends* our *Debtors* for new Kindnesses, while we pay what we are indebted for old ones.

XXVII.

We should desire very few Things *Passionately*, if we did but perfectly know the Nature of the Things we desire.

XXVIII.

The Reason why most *Women* have so little *Sense* of *Friendship*, is because this is but a cold and flat *Passion*, to those that have felt that of *Love*.

XXIX.

In *Friendship* as well as *Love*, Ignorance very often contributes more to our *Happiness*, than *Knowledge*.

XXX.

We attempt to vindicate, and value our selves upon those Faults we have no design to mend.

XXXI.

XXXI.

The strongest *Passions* allow us some rest,
but *Vanity* keeps us perpetually in motion.

XXXII.

The older a *Fool* is, the worse he is.

XXXIII.

Irresolution is more opposite to *Vertue*,
than *Vice*.

XXXIV.

The Pains we feel from *Shame* and *Jealousie* are therefore so cutting, because *Vanity* can give us no Assistance in the bearing them.

XXXV.

Decency is the least of all *Laws*, and yet the most followed.

XXXVI.

A good Disposition finds it easier to submit to perverse ones, than to direct and manage them.

XXXVII.

When Fortune surprizes a Man with a great Preferment, to which he is neither advanced by Degrees, nor raised before by his own Hopes; it is scarce possible for him to behave himself well, and make the World think he deserves his *Character*.

XXXVIII.

What we cut off from our other Faults, is very often but so much added to our Pride.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

There are no *Coxcombs* so troublesome, as those that have some *Wit*.

XL.

Every Man thinks himself in some one good Quality or other, equal to the Person he hath the highest Esteem for.

XLI.

In Affairs of *Consequence*, it is not a Man's Business so much to seek Occasions, as to make the best of those that offer themselves.

XLII.

Generally speaking, it were a good saving Bargain, to renounce all the good Men said of us, upon *Condition* they would say no ill.

XLIII.

As much as the World is inclined to think ill of one another, we see them oftener favourable to false Merit, than injurious to true.

XLIV.

A Man of *Wit* may sometimes be a *Coxcomb*, but a Man of *Judgment* never can.

XLV.

We shall get more by letting the *World* see us as we really are, than by striving to appear what we are not.

XLVI.

The Judgments our *Enemies* make concerning us, come nearer to the Truth, than those we pass concerning our selves.

XLVII.

XLVII.

Several Remedies are good to cure *Love*, but there is never a one of them infallible.

XLVIII.

We none of us know the utmost that our *Passions* have the Power to make us do.

XLIX

Old Age is a *Tyrant*, that forbids us all the Pleasures of Youth, upon Pain of Death.

L.

The same Pride that disposes us to condemn the Faults we think our selves free from, inclines us to undervalue the good Qualities we want.

LI.

The bewailing our Enemies Misfortunes, is sometimes more the Effect of *Pride* than of *Good Nature*; we express our Pity and Compassion, to make them know that we are above them.

LII.

It is impossible for us to love any Thing without some respect to our selves; and we only consult our own *Inclination*, and our own Pleasure, when we prefer our Friends before our own Interest, and yet this Preference is the only Thing, that can render *Friendship* perfect and sincere.

LIII.

What Men call *Friendship*, is no more than *Society*; 'tis only a mutual Care of *Interests*,

an

an exchange of good *Offices*: In a Word, it is only a sort of *Traffick*, in which *Self-Love* ever proposes to be the Gainer.

LIV.

There is an Excess both in *Happiness* and *Misery*, above our Power of Sensation.

LV.

Innocence does not find near so much Protection as Guilt.

LVI.

Of all violent *Passions*, that which misbecomes a *Woman* least, is *Love*.

LVII.

Vanity prevails with us to deny our selves more than Reason can do.

LVIII.

There are some bad *Qualities*, that make great Accomplishments.

LIX.

Men never desire any Thing very eagerly, which they desire only by the Dictates of Reason.

LX.

All our *Qualities* are doubtful and uncertain both in Good and Evil; and they are almost all at the disposal of Time and Opportunity.

LXI.

At first Women love their *Lover*, but afterwards they love the *Passion* it self.

LXII.

LXII.

Pride, as well as other *Passions*, hath its unaccountable *Whimsies*; we are ashamed to own our selves *Jealous*, when we are so; and yet afterwards we value our selves upon having been so, and for being capable of being so.

LXIII.

As uncommon a Thing as true *Love* is, it is yet easier to find than true Friendship.

LXIV.

Few Womens *Worth* lasts longer than their *Beauty*.

LXV.

The greatest Part of our intimate *Confidences*, proceed from a Desire either to be pitied or admired.

LXVI.

Our *Envy* always lasts longer than the good Fortune of those we *envy*.

LXVII.

The same *Resolution* which helps to resist *Love*, helps to make it more violent and lasting too. People of unsettled Minds are always driven about with *Passions*, but never absolutely filled with any.

LXVIII.

It is not in the Power of *Imagination* it self, to invent so many odd and distant Contrarieties, as there are naturally in the Heart of every Man.

LXIX.

LXIX.

No Man can have a true Sweetness of Temper without Constancy and Resolution: they that seem to have it, have commonly only an Easiness that quickly turns peevish and sower.

LXX.

Cowardice is a dangerous Fault to tell those of that we would have mend it.

LXXI.

It ought to be agreed on all Hands for the Honour of *Vertue*, that Mens greatest Miseries, are such as their own *Vices* bring upon them.

LXXII.

True good Nature is a mighty *Rarity*: those that fancy they have it, are commonly no better than either weak or complaisant.

LXXIII.

Idleness and Constancy fix the Mind to what it finds easie and agreeable: This Habit always confines and cramps up our Knowledge, and no body was ever at the Pains to stretch and carry his Understanding, as far as it could go.

LXXIV.

We speak ill of other People, commonly not so much out of *Malice*, as *Pride*.

LXXV.

When the Soul is ruffled by the remainder of one *Passion*, it is more disposed to enter

tain a new one, than when it is intirely cured, and at rest from all.

LXXVI.

*Those that have had great *Passions*, esteem themselves perpetually happy, and unhappy in being cured of them.

LXXVII.

There are fewer Men free from *Envy*, than *Interest*.

LXXVIII.

Our Minds are as much given to *Laziness*, as our *Bodies*.

LXXIX.

The Composedness, or the Disorder of our *Humour*, does not depend so much upon the great and most considerable Accidents of our Lives, as upon a suitable, or unsuitable Management of little Things, that befall us every Day,

LXXX.

Though Men are extremely *Wicked*, yet they never had the *Confidence* to profess themselves Enemies to *Vertue*, and even when they take delight in persecuting it, they either pretend not to think it real, or forge some Faults, and lay to its charge.

LXXXI.

Men often go from *Love* to *Ambition*, but they seldom come back again from *Ambition* to *Love*.

F

LXXXII.

LXXXII.

Extream *Covetousness* is generally mistaken: No *Passion* in the World so often misses of its Aim, nor is so much prevailed upon by the present, in prejudice to a future Interest.

LXXXIII.

Covetousness sometimes is the Cause of quite contrary Effects. There are a World of People, that sacrifice all their present Possessions to doubtful and distant Hopes, and others again slight great Advantages that are future, for the sake of some mean and pitiful Gain in present.

LXXXIV.

One would think, Men could never suppose they had Faults enough, they are perpetually adding to the number of them by some particular Qualities which they affect to set themselves off with, and they cherish and cultivate so carefully, that they come at last to be *Natural*, and put their Power to mend, though they would

LXXXV.

Men are more sensible of their own Faults, than we are apt to imagine; for they are seldom in the Wrong, when we hear them talk of their Conduct. The same Principle of *Self-Love* that blinds them at other Times, makes them quick sighted upon these Occasions, and shews them Things

in so true a Light, that it forces them to suppress or disguise the least Matters that are liable to be condemned.

LXXXVI.

When young Men come first into the World, it is fit they should be either very Modest, or very Tenacious; for brisk Parts, and a composed Temper, commonly turn to Impertinence.

LXXXVII.

Quarrels would never last long, if there were not Faults on both Sides.

LXXXVIII.

It signifies little for Women to be young, except they be Handsom, nor Handsom, except they be young.

LXXXIX.

Some Persons are so extreamly whiffing and inconsiderable, that they are as far from any real Faults, as they are from substantial Vertues.

XC.

A Ladies first Intrigue goes for nothing, till she admits of a second.

XCI.

Some Men are so exceeding full of themselves, that when they fall in Love, they entertain themselves with their own Passion, instead of the Person they make Love

XCII.

Love, though a very agreeable *Passion*, pleases more by the Ways it takes to shew it self, than it does upon its own Account.

XCIII.

The Man of Temper and good Sense, finds less Difficulty in submitting to perverse Dispositions, than in bringing them to Reason.

XCIV.

A little Wit, with good Management, is less troublesome at long-run, than a great deal of Wit with a perverse Temper.

XCV.

Jealousie is the greatest of *Evils*, and meets with least Pity from the Persons that occasion it.

XCVI.

Men of *indifferent* Parts are apt to condemn every Thing above their own *Capacity*.

XCVII.

Most young Men think they follow *Nature*, when they are rough and ill bred.

XCVIII.

The Grace of being New, is to *Love*; as the Gloss is to the Fruit, it gives it a Lustre, which is easily defaced, and when once gone, never returns any more.

XCIX.

If we look nicely into the several Effects of *Envy*, it will be found to carry a Man more from his *Duty*, than *Interest* does.

C.

Most Men are ashamed of having loved themselves, when they leave off doing it.

CI.

A good Taste of Things is more the Effect of Judgment than Wit.

CII.

Men are obstinate in contradicting Opinions generally received, not so much because they are ignorant, as because they are proud; those that are on the right Side have got the upper Hand, and they scorn to take up with the lower.

CIII.

Prosperous Persons seldom mend much; they always think themselves in the right, so long as *Fortune* approves their ill Conduct.

CIV.

Nothing should be a greater Humiliation to Persons that have deserved great Praises, than the Trouble they are eternally at, to make themselves valued by poor and little Things.

CV.

Flattery is like false Money, and if it were not for our own *Vanity* could never pass in payment.

CVI.

Some ungrateful Men are less to blame for *Ingratitude*, than the Persons that laid the *Obligations* upon them.

F 3

CVII.

CVII.

Our bad Qualities commonly take better in *Conversation*, than our good ones.

CVIII.

Men would never live so long together in *Society*, and good *Correspondence*, if they did not mutually make Fools of one another.

CIX.

What we call *Passions*, are in Truth nothing else, but so many different Degrees of Heat, and Cold in the Blood.

CX.

Moderation in Prosperity is generally nothing else, but Apprehension of the Shame that attends an indecent Transport, or the Fear of losing what one hath.

CXI.

Moderation is like Temperance; a Man would be well enough pleased to eat more, but only he is afraid it will not agree with his Health.

CXII.

All the World thinks That a Fault in another, which they think so in themselves.

CXIII.

When Pride hath used all its Artifices, and appeared in all its Shapes, and played all the Parts of *Humane Life*, as if it were grown weary of Disguises, it pulls off the Mask, and shews its own true Face at last, and is known by its *Insolence*. So that properly

perly speaking, *Insolence* is the breaking out, the very Complexion, and true Discovery of *Pride*.

CXIV.

We are sensible only of strong Transports, and extraordinary Emotions in our Humour and Constitution, as of Anger, when it is violent. And very few discern that these Humours have a regular and stated Course, which move our Wills to different Actions, by gentle and insensible Impressions. They go their Rounds as it were, and command us by turns, so that a considerable Part of what we do is theirs, though we are not able to see how it is so.

CXV.

One considerable Part of Happiness is to know how far a Man must be unhappy.

CXVI.

If a Man cannot find Ease within himself, it is to very little purpose to seek it any where else.

CXVII.

No Man should engage for what he will do, except he could answer for his Success.

CXVIII.

How should we be able to say what will please us hereafter, when we scarce know exactly what we would have at present?

CXIX.

Justice with many Men, is only the Fear

of having what is our own taken from us. This makes them tender of their Neighbours Property, and careful not to invade it. This Fear holds Men in, within the Compass of that Estate, which *Birth* or *Fortune* hath given them, and were it not for this, they would continually be making IncurSIONS upon one another.

CXX.

Justice in well behaved Judges, is often only the Love of their Preferment.

CXXI.

The first Motion of Joy for the Happiness of our Friends, is not always the Effect either of *Good Nature*, or *Friendship*, but of *Self-Love*, which flatters us with the Hope, that our turn of being happy is coming, or that we shall reap some benefit from their *Good Fortune*.

CXXII.

As if the Power of transforming it self were small, *Self-Love* does frequently transform its Objects too; and that after a very strange manner. It not only disguises them so artificially, as to deceive its self, but it perfectly alters the Nature and Condition of the Things themselves. Thus when any Person acts in opposition to us, *Self-Love* passes Sentence upon every Action, with the utmost Rigour of Justice; it aggravates every Defect of his, and makes it look *man-*

strows

strows and *horrible*; and it sets all his Excellencies in so ill a Light, that they look more disagreeable than his Defects. And yet when any of our Affairs brings this Person back again to Reconciliation and Favour, the Satisfaction we receive, presently restores his Merit, and allows him all that our Aversion so lately took from him. His ill *Qualities* are utterly forgot, and his good ones appear with greater *Lustre* than before; nay, we summon all our Indulgence and Partiality to excuse and justify the Quarrel he formerly had against us. This is a Truth attested by every *Passion*, but none gives such clear Evidence of it as *Love*. For we find the *Lover*, when full of *Rage* and *Revenge*, at the Neglect or the Unfaithfulness of his Mistress, yet lay by all the Violence of his Resentments, and one view of her, calms his *Passions* again. His Transport and Joy pronounces this *Beauty* innocent, accuses himself alone, and condemns nothing but his own condemning her before. By this strange *magical Power* of *Self-Love*, the blackest and basest Actions of his Mistress are made white and innocent, and he takes the Fault off from her to lay it upon himself.

CXXIII.

The most pernicious Effect of *Pride*, is, That it blinds Mens Eyes; for this cherishes

and increases the *Vice*, and will not let us see any of those Remedies, that might either soften our Misfortunes, or correct our Extravagancies.

CXXIV.

When once Men are past all Hopes of finding Reason from others, they grow past all Reason themselves.

CXXV.

The Philosophers, and especially *Seneca*, did not remove Mens Faults by their Instructions, but only directed them to contribute the more to the setting up their Pride.

CXXVI.

The wisest Men commonly shew themselves so in less Matters, and generally fail in those of the greatest Consequence.

CXXVII.

The nicest Folly proceeds from the nicest Wisdom.

CXXVIII.

Sobriety is very often only a Fondness of Health, and the Effect of a weak Constitution, which will not bear Intemperance.

CXXIX.

A Man never forgets Things so effectually, as when he hath talked himself weary of them.

CXXX.

That Modesty that would seem to decline Praise, is, at the bottom, only a Desire of having it better express'd.

CXXXI.

CXXXI.

There is this good at least in Commendation, that it helps to confirm Men in the practice of *Vertue*.

CXXXII.

We are to blame, not to distinguish between the several Sorts of Anger, for there is one kind of it light and harmless, and the result of a warm Complexion; and another and exceeding vicious, which, if we would call it by its right Name, is the very *Rage* and *Madness* of *Pride*.

CXXXIII.

Great *Souls* are not distinguish'd by having less *Passion*, and more *Vertue*; but by having nobler and Greater Designs than the *Vulgar*.

CXXXIV.

Self-Love makes more Men cruel, than natural Sternness, and a rough Temper.

CXXXV.

Every Man that hath some *Vices* is not despised, but every Man that hath no *Vertue*, is, and ought to be, despised.

CXXXVI.

Those that find no Disposition in themselves to be guilty of great Faults, are not apt, upon slight Grounds, to suspect others of them.

CXXXVII.

Pompous *Funerals* are made more out of a design to gratifie the Vanity of the Living, than to do Honour to the *Dead*.

CXXXVIII.

CXXXVIII.

In the midst of all the uncertain and various Accidents in the World, we may discern a secret Connexion, a certain Method, and regular Order, constantly observed by *Providence*, which brings every Thing in, in its due Place, and makes all contribute to the fulfilling the Ends appointed for it.

CXXXIX.

Fearlessness is requisite to buoy up the Mind in *Wickedness*, and *Conspiracies*, but Valour is sufficient to give a Man Constancy of Mind in Honourable Actions, and the Hazards of War.

CXL.

No Man can engage for his own Courage, who was never in any Danger that might put it upon the Tryal.

CXLI.

Imitation always succeeds ill; and even those Things which when *Natural* are most graceful and charming, when put on, and affected, we nauseate and despise.

CXLII.

Goodness, when universal, and strewed to all the *World*, without distinction, is very hardly known from great Cunning and Address.

CXLIII.

The Way to be always safe, is to possess other People with an Opinion, That they

can never do an ill Thing to us, without suffering for it.

CXLIV.

A Man's own Confidence in himself makes up a great Part of that Trust which he hath in others.

CXLV.

There is a kind of general Revolution, not more visible in the Turn it gives to the Fortunes of the *World*, than it is in the change of Mens Understandings, and the different Relish of *Wit*.

CXLVI.

Magnanimity is a bold Stroke of *Pride*, by which a Man gets above himself, in order to get above every Thing else.

CXLVII.

Luxury, and too great Delicacy in a State, is a sure Sign that their Affairs are in a declining Condition; for when Men are so nice and curious in their own Concerns, they mind nothing but private Interest, and take off all their Care from the Publick.

CXLVIII.

Of all the *Passions* we are exposed to, none is more concealed from our Knowledge than Idleness. It is the most violent, and the most mischievous of any, and yet at the same Time its Violence we are never sensible of, and the Damage we sustain by it is very seldom seen. If we consider its Power carefully,

carefully, it will be found, upon all Occasions, to reign absolute over all our Sentiments, our Interests, and our Pleasures. This is a *Remora* that can stop the largest Ships, and a *Calm* of worse Consequence to our Affairs, than any *Rocks*, and *Storms*. The Ease and Quiet of Sloth, is a secret Charm upon the *Soul*, to suspend its most eager Pursuits, and shakes its most peremptory Resolutions. In a Word, to give a true Image of this *Passion*, we must say, that it is a supposed Felicity of the *Soul*, that makes her easie under all her Losses, and supplies the Place of all her Enjoyments and Advantages.

CXLIX.

There are several Vertues made up of many different Actions, cast into such a convenient Order, by *Fortune*, as she thought fit.

CL.

Most Women yield more through Weakness than *Passion*; and this is the *Reason*, that bold daring Men commonly succeed better than others, who have as much or more Merit to recommend them.

CLI.

The Sincerity, which *Lovers* and their *Ladies* bargain for, in agreeing to tell one another, when they can *love* no longer, is not asked so much out of a Desire to be satisfied,

isfied, when their *Love* is at an End; as
to be the better assured, that *Love* does
really continue, so long as they are told no-
thing to the contrary.

CLII.

Love cannot be compared to any Thing
more properly, than to a *Fever*; for in both
Cases, both the Degree, and the Continu-
ance of the Disease is out of a Man's own
Power.

CLIII.

Most young People impute that Behavi-
our to a *natural* and *easie* Fashion, which, in
Truth, proceeds from no other Cause, than
the want of good Breeding, and good Sense.

Maxims

Maxims and Mixed Thoughts.

PART III.

Maxims.

I.

AS nothing betrays greater Weakness and want of *Reason*, than to submit ones Judgment to another Man's without any Examination, or Consideration of our own; so nothing argues a great *Spirit*, and true *Wisdom*, more than the submitting to Almighty God with an absolute and implicit Faith, and believing whatever he says upon the single Authority of his own Word.

II.

True Worth does not depend upon Times nor Fashions. They that have only the Advantage of a *Court Air*, any where else are no better than their Neighbours. But good *Sense*, *Learning*, and *Wisdom*, are Qualifications

tations that recommend a Man, and make him *Valued* every where, and at all times.

III.

Instead of applying our selves to know others, we mind nothing else, but the making our selves known. It would turn to much better Account, to hear and so get more Knowledge; than to talk all, that we may publish what we have got already.

IV

It is sometimes of great *Use* for a Man to pretend he is Deceived: For when we let a subtle Fellow see that we are sensible of his Tricks, it gives him *Occasion* to play more.

V

Men Judge of things so very Slightly and superficially, that the most Ordinary *Words* and *Actions* set off with a good Grace and some little Knowledge how matters go in the World, very often take more, than the most profound *Wisdom*.

VI.

To be very much dissatisfied with a Man's Self is a Weakness. But to be highly pleased with ones Self, is downright *Folly*.

VII.

Men of mean *Capacities*, and ill *Breeding*, but especially your half-witted Fellows, and blabbers in Books, are most apt to be Stiff and Peremptory. None but manly *Souls* can say what they have said, and forsake an Error

Errour when they find themselves on the wrong side.

VIII.

A Man's greatest *Wisdom* consists in being acquainted with his own *Follies*.

IX.

Honesty and *Sincerity* in our Dealings puts ill Men out of their *Byass*; it breaks all their Measures by which they hoped to compass their Ends; for Knaves commonly think, that nothing can be done, but by Knavery.

X.

It is a hard Task upon Knaves to be perpetually employed in concealing their own Want of *Sincerity*, and making amends for the Breaches of their *Promise*.

XI.

They that do all by Tricking, ought however to consult their own *Reason* so far, as to convince themselves, that such a Behaviour cannot go long undetected where Men are ingenious, and always upon the Watch to discover them; tho' they may see fit to pretend they are imposed upon for a while, only to dissemble their being sensible of the Cheat.

XII.

Our Kindnesses sometimes create us *Enemies*, and the ungrateful Man is seldom so by halves; for he is not satisfied with not paying the Acknowledgment that is due; but
is

is uneasy, that his *Benefactor* lives a Witness of his *Ingratitude*.

XIII.

Nothing can give us so just a Notion of the Depravity of Mankind in general, as an exact Knowledge of our own Corruptions in particular. If we reflect upon our Thoughts, we shall find the Seeds of all those *Vices* within our own Breasts, which we condemn in others. And if we do not act it all, yet 'tis plain we are moved to it all. For there is no kind of ill, but *Self-Love* offers to us to make Use of as *Occasion* shall serve. And few are so *Vertuous* as to be above Temptation.

XIV.

Riches do by no means teach us to be less fond of Riches. The possessing of Abundance is very far from giving us the Quiet, that there is in not desiring them.

XV.

None but little Souls are disturbed at having their *Ignorance* reprov'd, and the Reason is, That being generally very *blind* and *foolish*, they never trouble themselves with *Doubts*, and are fully satisfied, they see those things clearly, which they have but a very dark and imperfect Sense of, and see only through the thick Mist of a clouded Understanding.

XVI.

It is every whit as unreasonable, for a Man
to

to accuse himself for his Faults extraxagantly, as it is to excuse himself so. Those that blame themselves so very much, do it very often, because they cannot endure to be blamed by any body else ; or else out of a vain Humour, to perswade People that they are duly sensible of their own Failings.

XVII.

It argues great Wisdom to own our own Faults and our Perfections sincerely. And is a Weakness not to allow both the good and the bad Qualities that we really have.

XVIII.

The World is so fond of every thing, that is fresh and uncommon, that Men take secret Pleasure, and find Entertainment, even in the Sight of the *dismalest* and most tragical *Accidents* ; and that, partly because they are new, and partly from a Principle of ill Nature that is in us.

XIX.

Men might come to a tolerable good Knowledge of themselves, but they seldom take the Pains of enquiring into themselves, so much as is necessary for the attaining it ; and they are more solicitous to be thought what they should be, than really to be what they should be.

XX.

If People were but as careful to be what they ought, as to seem so, and impose upon others,

others, by concealing what in Truth they are; they might shew themselves boldly, and save a world of Trouble which *Diffimulation* puts them to.

XXI.

There is no Man but may find great Advantage from *Learning*; but then it is as true, that there are few who do not find great Prejudice too, from the Notions they acquire by Studies, except they use them, as if they were natural to them.

XXII.

There is a certain Temper very nice to hit, in our Carriage to Persons above us, so as to allow our selves all the Freedom that is necessary to divert and entertain them; and yet to take none that may be any way offensive, or break in upon the Honour and Respect due to their Quality.

XXIII.

Men are often more desirous to seem forward and busy to serve others, than to be successful in it, and had rather have it in their Power to ubraid their Friends with an Obligation, than really to oblige them.

XXIV.

Men are sometimes beholding to want of Judgment for good Success, for a judicious Person would not venture upon several Attempts, which Men who want Consideration, frequently are fortunate in.

XXV.

XXV.

Former times are sometimes cryed up only to run down the present, and we value what is now no more, that we may slight that which is.

XXVI.

There is a kind of commanding *Power* in Mens manner of speaking, and in their Actions. Something that makes its own way wherever it comes, and engages Respect and Attention before Hand. It is of use upon all Occasions, and so great, as even to carry whatever one hath a Mind to.

XXVII.

This commanding Faculty, so useful upon all Occasions, is no other than a graceful Authority, proceeding from a *Greatness* and *Elevation* of Soul.

XXVIII.

Self-Love is often cheated by its own self, for when it considers its own *Interests*, it wholly overlooks the *Interest* of others, and thereby to lose all the Advantage that might be made, by the Exchange of Kindnesses between *Man* and *Man*.

XXIX.

All the World are so entirely taken up with their own *Passions*, and their own *Interests*, that they are eternally full of them in all their Discourse, without ever concerning themselves with the *Passion* or *Interest*

Interest of others.

Interest of the Persons they speak to, though they too have the same Occasion for *Audience* and *Assistance*.

XXX.

The Ties of *Virtue* ought to be more Sacred and Close, than those of *Blood*. For one good Man is nearer of Kin to another, by the Resemblance of their Manners, than *Father* and *Son* are by the Resemblance of *Faces*.

XXXI.

One great Reason, why we meet with so few agreeable Persons, and that converse like Men of *Sense*, is, That almost every Body is more intent upon what himself hath a mind to say, than upon making pertinent Replies to what the rest of the *Company* say to him. Those that are most *Complaisant*, go no farther than pretending to hearken attentively, when at the same time a Man may plainly see, that both their Eyes and their Minds are roving from what is said to them, and posting back again to what they ought to be at themselves. Whereas we ought to know, that to seek ones own Pleasure so very *Passionately*, can never be the way to please the *Company*. And that diligent Attention and proper Repartees are a much greater Accomplishment, than discoursing never so well, when this is done without ever attending, or answering to the matter then in Hand.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Good Fortune almost always alters the Proceedings and the Air of a Man, and makes him quite another thing in all his Behaviour and Conversation. This is a great Weakness to trick and set ones self off with what is not our own. If *Virtue* were esteemed above all other things, no Favour, no Advancement would be able to change Men either in their *Temper* or their *Countenance*.

XXXIII.

We should use our selves to other Peoples Follies, and not take Offence at every *Impertinence*, that passes in our Company.

XXXIV.

A great Soul takes whatever happens and there is as much Wisdom in bearing with other Peoples *Defects*, as in being sensible of their good *Qualities*.

XXXV.

It is a great Argument of an extraordinary Judgment, when a Man is able to discover what is in anothers Breast, and to conceal what is in its own.

XXXVI.

Talking all is so great a Fault, that in *Business* and *Conversation*, if what is good be short, it is for that Reason doubly good and a Man gains that by Brevity, which would often be lost by being tedious.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

We generally gain an Ascendant, and are Masters over those we are very well acquainted with; because the Man that is perfectly known, is in some Measure subjected to the Person that knows him.

XXXVIII.

Study, and the Enquiry after Truth, hath very often only this Effect, That it makes us know experimentally how ignorant we are by Nature.

XXXIX.

Men are most esteemed when the *World* does not know the utmost of their Abilities. For things that are understood but by halves, are always presumed greater than really they are.

XL.

The Desire of being thought a Wise Man very often hinders one from being so, for such a one is more solicitous to let the *World* see what Knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

XLI.

Littleness of Soul, and Ignorance, and Pre-
sumption, makes People obstinate in their Opinions; for Opinionative Men will not believe what they cannot comprehend; and that there are but very few things that they are able to comprehend.

XLII.

To disown our *Faults*, when we are told of them, is but to make them more and greater.

XLIII.

We should not regard how much good *Friend* hath done us, so much as how much he desired and endeavoured to do us.

XLIV.

Though we ought not to love our *Friends* only for the Good they do us, yet it is plain Case, they love not Us, if they do not do us Good, when they have it in the Power.

XLV.

It is neither any great Reflection nor Commendation to say a Man's Wit is, or not in the Fashion. For if it be what ought to be at any Time, it continues to so at all Times.

XLVI.

The *Love* of a Man's self is generally the Rule and Measure of all our *Friendship* to others. It supersedes all Duties and Obligations, where *Interest* is concerned; and lays down all Resentments against our *Enemies* how just soever the Causes of them were when they are considerable enough to promote our *Honour*, or our *Fortunes*.

XLVII.

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XLVII.

It is but an idle and useleſs Trouble, to make great Enquiries what is done in the World, except all this tend to the reforming of ones Self.

XLVIII.

Circumstances and outward Appearances procure a Man frequently more Reſpect, than real Worth, and a good Bottom. An ungraceful Faſhion ſpoils all, even *Juſtice* and *Reason* it ſelf. The beſt part of things depends upon the *How*, and the Air we give them, gilds, accommodates, and ſweetens the moſt ungrateful Matters. All this is owing to the Weakneſs, and the Prepoſſeſſion of Mens Judgments.

XLIX.

We ſhould make the *Follies* of Others, rather a Warning and Inſtruction to our ſelves, than a Subject of *Mirth*, and Mockery of thoſe that commit them.

L.

The Converſation of Men that are of a dogmatical and governing *Spirit* is the troubleſomeſt thing than can be. We ſhould be always ready to ſubmit to the Truth, and receive it readily, let it come from what ſide it will.

LI.

A Man may learn as much by other Peoples *Faults*, as by their *Inſtructions*. The

Examples of Imperfection are in a manner as useful towards the making a Man perfect, as those of *Wisdom* and *Perfection*.

LII.

We are better pleased with those that strive to imitate us, than with those that endeavour to equal us; for Imitation argues Esteem, but a Desire of Equality argues Envy.

LIII.

'Tis a very commendable Piece of Address to make a Denial go down well with soft and civil Expressions, and by Courtesie to make amends for the Kindness we cannot grant.

LIV.

There are a Sort of Persons that say *No* so very naturally, that their *No* always ushers in whatever they are about to say. This makes them so disagreeable, that though they be prevailed upon with much Importunity to grant any Request, yet all the Grace and the Commendation of such Grants are utterly lost by so very untoward a Beginning.

LV.

All Things ought not to be granted, nor all Men to be gratified. It is altogether as commendable, to deny upon a just *Occasion* as to give in due *Season*. This makes some Peoples *No* better received, than other Peoples *Yes*. A Denial, when managed with

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good *Nature*, and softened with *Civility*, gives more Satisfaction to a Man of Understanding, than a Favour coldly and rudely granted.

LVI.

There is a great deal of *Wisdom* required in the Choice of good Counsel, as well as in the being able to advise ones own self. Men of the best Judgment are always most ready to consult the Opinions of others, and it is one Eminent Instance of *Wisdom* to submit ones self to the good Conduct of a *Friend*.

LVII.

The *Doctrines* of *Christianity*, which ought to be derived only from the Truths contained in the *Gospel*, are generally represented to us, according to the Temper and Complexion of our *Teachers*. Some out of an exceeding Tendernefs and good *Nature*, and others from a sour and rugged Disposition, form and imploy the Justice and Mercy of God, just according to their own Apprehensions of Things.

LVIII.

In the Study of Humane Learning, our *Soul* ought always to preserve its own Freedom, and not inflave it self to other Peoples Fancies. The Liberty of the Judgment should have its full Scope, and not take any Thing upon Trust, from the Credit of any Man's Authority. When different *Opinions*

are proposed to us, we should consider and chuse, if there are such Odds between them, as to admit of a Choice, and if there be not, then we should continue in suspense still.

LIX.

Contradiction should awaken our Attention and Care, but not our *Passion*. Those that oppose us, ought rather to be heard than avoided; for we must be of no *Interest* but that of Truth, after what manner so ever she happen to discover her self to us.

LX.

Ostentation and *Pride*, upon the account of Honours and Preferments, is much more offensive, than upon any personal Qualifications. It argues, Men do not deserve Great Places, when they can value themselves upon them. If a Man would be truly valued, the Way to it is by being illustriously Good. For even the greatest Men are more respected for the Eminence of their Parts and Vertue, than for that of their *Fortune*.

LXI.

There is nothing so mean, but hath some Perfection. It is the peculiar Happiness of a discerning Palate, to find out each Thing's particular Excellence. But the Malice of our corrupt *Nature* puts us oftentimes upon discovering one *Vice* among many *Vertues*, that so we may aggravate and proclaim that

to

to their Disparagement. Now this is not so much an Argument of a nice Judgment, as of a base Disposition; and that Man hath but an ill Life on't, who feeds himself with the Faults and Frailties of other People.

LXII.

There is a particular Way of hearkening to ones Self, that is ever displeasing; for it is as great a Folly to hear ones self in Company, as to talk all, and hear no body but ones Self.

LXIII.

A Man is but little the better for liking himself, when no body else likes him. For an immoderate *Love* of ones Self, is very often chastised by Contempt from others.

LXIV.

There is always, under the greatest Devotion, a Proportion of *Self-Love* concealed, great enough to set Bounds to our Charity.

LXV.

Some People are so blind, and flatter themselves to so great a Degree, that they always believe what they wish, and think to make every body believe what they have a mind to. Tho' the Arguments they would perswade with are never so poor and weak, their Prepossessions are so strong, that they think they need only talk loud and big, and be very positive, to make all the World of their Opinion.

LXVI.

Ignorance creates Irresolution and Fear, Learning makes Men bold and assured, but nothing disturbs a Mind that is truly wise, and knows how to distinguish Things rightly.

LXVII.

It is a general Failing, that Men never think their own Fortunes too great, nor their own Wit too little.

LXVIII.

There cannot be a meaner Thing, than to take advantage of ones Quality and Greatness, to ridicule and insult over those of an inferiour Condition.

LXIX.

When a positive Man hath once begun to dispute any thing, his Mind is barred up against all Light and better Information. Opposition provokes him, though there be never so good Ground for it, and he seems to be afraid of nothing more, than lest he should be convinced of the Truth.

LXX.

The Shame of being commended without any Desert, sometimes puts Men upon doing, what otherwise they would never have once attempted to do.

LXXI.

It is much better that great Persons should thirst after Honour; nay, that they should even be vain upon the account of doing well, than

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than that they should be wholly clear of this *Passion*. For tho' the Good they do, proceeds not from a Principle of *Virtue*, yet the World however hath this Advantage, that their Vanity makes them do, what, if they were not vain, they would not have done.

LXXII.

They that are so foolish, as to value themselves meerly for their Quality, do in a great measure slight that very Thing that gave them their Quality. For, tho' they receive it by Descent now, yet it was the Virtue of their Ancestors that first ennobled their Blood.

LXXIII.

Self-Love makes us impose upon our selves in almost every kind of Thing: We hear Faults condemned by other People; nay, we often condemn them with our own Mouths, and yet take no care to amend them. And that, either because we are not sensible of the Ill that we carry about us, or else that we look upon our own Ills through false Glasses, and mistake them for something that is Good.

LXXIV.

It is no Consequence, that a Man is virtuous, because we see him do virtuous *Actions*. We are grateful for a Kindness sometimes, only to serve our selves; for the

Reputation of Gratitude, and to gain an Advantage of being more boldly ungrateful for some other Favours, which we are not inclined to acknowledge.

LXXV.

When great Men hope to make the World believe, they have some Excellence which really they have not ; it is a Thing of ill *Consequence* to shew that we suspect them. For when you destroy their Hopes of passing upon the World, you at the same Time destroy all their Desires to do those good Actions, that are agreeable to the *Virtues* they would be thought to have.

LXXVI.

The best Disposition, when untaught is always blind and unsettled. A Man ought to take all imaginable Care to inform himself, that his Ignorance may make him neither *childishly* fearful, nor *ridiculously* confident.

LXXVII.

The mutual *Society*, and indeed the Friendship of most Men, is no better than a mere trading Correspondence, kept up just as long as their own Occasions make it necessary.

LXXVIII.

Though the generality of Friendships contracted in the World, do by no means deserve the Honourable Name of *Friendship*, yet a Man may very well make his best of them,

them, as he sees occasion, as of a Trade that is not fixed upon any sure Fund, and where nothing is more usual, than to find our selves cheated.

LXXIX.

Wheresoever Love is real, it is the governing *Passion*. It perfectly forms the *Soul*, the *Affections*, and the *Understanding* after its own *Model*. Its being greater or less, does not depend upon the Capacity of the Person, of whom it hath taken Possession, but upon its own Strength and Proportion; and in truth, *Love* seems to bear the same relation to the Person in *love*, that the *Soul* bears to the *Body* animated by it.

LXXX.

Love hath such peculiar distinguishing *Qualities*, that it can neither be concealed, where it really is, nor counterfeited, where it really is not.

LXXXI.

All Diversions that are very entertaining, are of dangerous Consequence to *Christianity*; but of all that the World hath found out, none should be more cautiously used than *Plays*. They give so nice, so natural a Representation of the *Passions*, that they really beget and inspire them, and especially that of *Love*, when it is described, as a modest and a vertuous *Passion*. For the more innocent it appears to innocent Persons,

sons, the more still they find themselves disposed to receive and submit to it. They fancy to themselves a Sense of Honour, and at the same Time, that this is no way injured by so discreet an Affection. Thus People rise from a *Play* with their Hearts so full of the Softnesses of *Love*, and their Judgments so satisfied of its Innocence, that they are in a perfect Disposition to take in its first Impressions readily, or rather indeed to seek and court Occasions of infecting somebody else with it, that so they may receive the same Pleasures, and the same Devotions which they have seen so movingly represented upon the Stage.

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PART IV.

I.

Self-Love, according as it is rightly or otherwise, understood and applyed, is the Cause of all the Moral *Vertues*, and *Vices* in the World.

II.

That *Prudence*, which is made use of in the good Management of Men's Affairs, when taken in its true Sense, is only a wise and more judicious *Love* of our selves; and the opposite to this, is perfect Blindness and Inconsideration.

III.

Though it may be said, with great Truth, upon this Principle, that Men never act without a regard to their own *Interest*, yet will it be no Consequence from thence, that all they do is corrupt, and no such Thing as *Justice* nor *Honesty* left in the World. Men may govern themselves by Noble Ends, and
pro-

propose *Interests* full of Commendation and Honour. And indeed, the very Thing, that denominates any Person a Man of *Justice* and *Honour* is this just Distinction of *Self-Love*, regulated as it ought to be; when though all Things are done with respect to his own Advantage at last, yet still this is with a due Allowance and Reservation to the Laws of Civil Society.

IV.

The *Love* of our Neighbour is the wisest and most useful good Quality in the *World*; it is every whit as necessary in Civil Societies for our Happiness in the present Life, as Christianity hath made it in order to that of the next Life.

V.

Honour and Disgrace, are but empty and imaginary Things, if we take them apart from those real Advantages and Misfortunes that attend them.

VI.

Those that give themselves a World of trouble, and that tempt a World of Dangers, meerly for the sake of transmitting a great Name to after Ages, are, in my Opinion, very whimsical People. All this Honour and Reputation which they look upon as boundless, is yet confined within a little room in their own Imagination. For this crowds all Posterity into one Age, by setting

setting those Honours before their Eyes, as if they were all present together, which they shall never live to see nor enjoy.

VII.

This Maxim, *That the most secret Things are discovered at one Time or other*, is (to say the least of it) very uncertain; for we can only judge of what we do not know, by what we know already; and consequently, what we do not yet know can give us no farther Light into it.

VIII.

Nothing conduces more to the making our Life happy, than to know Things as they really are; and this *Wisdom* must be acquired by frequent Reflections upon Men, and the Affairs of the *World*; for otherwise Books will contribute but little to it.

IX.

Almost all the Miseries of Life are owing to the false Notions Men have of the *World*, and all that is done in it.

X.

True Eloquence is good Sense, delivered in a *Natural*, and unaffected Way. That which must be set off with Tropes and Ornaments, is acceptable, only because the Generality of Men are easily imposed upon, and see Things but by halves.

XI.

Maxims are to the Mind, just what a Staff
is.

is to the Body, when a Man cannot support himself by his own Strength. Men of sound Sense, that see Things in their full and just Proportions, have no need of general Observations to help them out.

XII.

The great Characters of being Men of Honour and Justice, are very often grounded more upon Forms, and a Knack of appearing to be such, than any true and solid Worth.

XIII.

Those that have the Accomplishments Essential to the making a good Man, supposing they need no Art, neglect Formalities; act more according to *Nature*, and consequently more in the Dark. For those that judge of them, have something else to do, than to examine them; and so they pronounce Sentence only according to outward Appearances.

XIV.

No Man can be perfectly Just and Good, without a great Measure of Sense, and right *Reason*, which will always carry him to chuse the juster Side in every Action of his Life. And it is a *foolish* Thing to extol wicked Men, and Knaves, as the *World* commonly do, for Persons of Wit and Understanding. Such People have only one Part of that sound Sense, which makes them successful
upon

upon some Occasions, but imperfect, and at a loss upon a Thousand others.

XV.

Courage in Men, and *Chastity* in Women, are esteemed the principal Vertues of each Sex, because they are the hardest to practise: When these Vertues want either that Constitution, or that Grace that should sustain and keep them up, they soon grow weak, and are presently sacrificed to the Love of Life and Pleasure.

XVI.

You shall scarce meet with a Master, but cries out, upon all Servants, that they are *Rogues* and the *Plagues* of a Family; and if Servants ever come to be Masters, they will say just the same thing. The Reason is, because generally, it is not the Qualities, but the Fortunes of Men, that makes the difference between them.

XVII.

People do not make it their Business to be in the right, so much as to be thought so; this makes them stickle so stiffly for their own Opinions, even then when they know and are satisfied they are false.

XVIII.

Errors sometimes have as long a run, as the greatest Truths; because, when these Errors are once received for Truths, Men admit whatever makes for them with an implicit

PLICIT Consent; and reject or overlook all that is capable of undeceiving them.

XIX.

Tricking and *Lying* are as sure Marks of a low and poor *Spirit*, as false Money is of a poor and low Purse.

XX.

When Men, that are under a *Vow* of Devotion, engage themselves in the Business of the *World*, without absolute necessity for so doing, they give us great Cause to suspect the Reality of their Devotion.

XXI.

All Devotion, which is not grounded upon *Christian Humility*, and the *Love* of our Neighbour, is no better than Form and Pretence: 'Tis only the *Pride* and Peevishness of *Philosophy*, which thinks by despising the *World*, to revenge it self upon all the Contempt and Dissatisfactions, Men have met with from it.

XXII.

The Devotion of *Ladies* growing into Years, is frequently no better, than a little kind of Decency taken up to shelter themselves from the Shame and the Jest of a fading *Beauty*; and to secure, in every Change, something that may still recommend them to the *World*.

XXIII.

Devotion is a Temper of the Mind purely Spiritual,

Spiritual, and derives it self from God. Consequently, it is a very nice Thing, and ought to be observed very narrowly, and with exceeding Caution, by those that would keep themselves from being deceived in it.

XXIV.

The highest Pitch of Perfection, that Men are capable of, is to be thoroughly acquainted with their own Weakness, their Vanity, and Misery ; and the less good Sense any one hath, the less he knows of these Matters.

XXV.

There is a sort of *Ignorance*, that knows nothing at all, and yet is not near so despicable, as that kind of *Ignorance*, which is full of Error and Impertinence, and passes upon a great many for Learning and Knowledge.

XXVI.

Too servile a Submission to the Books and Opinions of the Ancients, as if these were Eternal Truths, revealed by God himself, hath spoiled many an ingenious Man, and plagued the *World* with abundance of *Pedants*.

XXVII.

If we set aside those Cases, in which *Religion* is concerned, a Man ought to measure his Studies and his Books by the Standard of his own *Reason*, and not enslave his *Reason* to his Books.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Studious Men propose to themselves the filling their Heads with Notions, that they may talk fluently and nicely, and be taken notice of in the *World*; more than their own real Improvement, and better Information, that they might be qualified to make a right Judgment of Things.

XXIX.

Such Words as *sympathize*, *Je ne sçay quoy's*, *Occult Qualities*, and a Thousand more of the same kind, have no Sense nor Signification at all. A Man is wonderfully deceived, if he fancies himself one jot the wiser for them. They were only found out to supply the want of Reason, and to be used, when we would fain say something, but indeed have nothing to say.

XXX.

We attribute more to Reason, than is her due. She frequently usurps what of right belongs to our Constitution; and would have but few Advantages, if she had no more than are strictly her own.

XXXI.

It is but very seldom, that *Reason* cures our *Passions*, but one *Passion* is commonly cured by another. *Reason* indeed often strikes in with the strongest Side; and there is no *Passion* so extravagant, but hath its *Reason* ready to keep it in Countenance.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Good and right *Reason* is a Light in the Mind, by which it discerns Things as they are in themselves; but in this *World* this Light is compassed, and darkned by a Thousand Mists and Clouds.

XXXIII.

Reputation would not be so highly valued, if we did but duly consider, how very unjust Men are, both in the giving and the taking of it away again. We should be sure to deserve it by doing well, and when that Care is once taken, not be over-anxious about the Success.

XXXIV.

Too tender a Sense of what other People say ill of us, does but entertain the Malice of the *World*, which desires nothing more than that it may disturb us.

XXXV.

The absolute want of such a Sense, so as to be moved at nothing they say, is a contrary Extream, that produces the same Effect. This is such a sort of Contempt, as the *World* is concerned to revenge its self upon.

XXXVI.

There is a middle State, and a Temper to be found between these two Extreams, which inclines the *World* to make Allowances for for some Actions in one Man, which yet they

they condemn without any Mercy in others. This makes the mighty difference between Ladies, that yet have taken the same Liberties. So that some are run down, and it is scandalous to be seen in their Company, and others are esteemed as chaste as *Nuns*, and no Reflections cast upon them.

XXXVII.

That pure Platonick *Love* which some Persons fanſie to themſelves, is all Imagination and Deluſion. The Body hath a greater ſhare in this *Paſſion*, than the Mind.

XXXVIII.

It is no ſtrange Thing, that ſome Nations who wanted the Light of the *Gospel*, ſhould worſhip *Love* for a God; for, indeed, the Effects and the Reſentments of it, are very odd, very extraordinary, and ſuch as ſeem to exceed the Power of *Nature*.

XXXIX.

The Converſation of fine Women puts a Man's Salvation upon greater hazard, than the ſoſteſt and moſt moving Plays. Thoſe are the Original, theſe only the Image and Copy; thoſe kindle and inſpire the *Paſſions*, theſe only awake and entertain them.

XL.

Plays and Muſick would have but few Admirers, if one had never felt *Love*, nor any other *Paſſions*.

XLI.

XLI.

It is a common Thing to imagine we love a Man of great *Interest* and *Fortune*, with a very sincere *Passion*; but this is what we cannot be sure of till he be stripp'd of all the Advantages of Power and Greatness, then one quickly discerns what it was that engaged our Affections. If *Interest* were at the bottom of it, tho' Honour may keep it up for some Time, yet it quickly grows weary, and lets it fall to the Ground.

XLII.

Gratitude is the Vertue of wise and generous Minds.

XLIII.

Ingratitude is the Fault of *Fools* and *Clowns*.

XLIV.

There are some sort of People, that never look into a Book, and yet with their own Stock of *Natural* Parts, have a better Sense of Things that depend upon clear and true *Reason*, than some great and bookish *Professors*.

XLV.

Good *Sense* and *Reason* ought to be the Umpire of all Rules, both Ancient and Modern; whatever does not agree with this Standard cannot be *Sterling*.

XLVI.

Nature was given to exercise the *Philosophers*, like some dark Riddle; every one makes

makes his own Sense the Key, and out of that contrives his own System. He that by these Principles explains most Difficulties, may be allowed thus far to value himself, that he hath hit upon the most probable Opinion.

XLVII.

Bodily Pain is the only Evil attending humane Life, that is past the Power of Reason, either to cure or to assuage.

XLVIII.

Fortune gives out the Parts Men are to play upon this Stage of the World, blindly, and just according to her own unaccountable Humour : This is the Reason why there is so much ill acting ; because Men very seldom hit upon those Characters that are fit for them ; or to speak in a more Christian Style, what we call Fortune, is no other than the Providence of God, which permits those Disorders, for Reasons which we are not able to comprehend.

XLIX.

Reason and Experience ought always to go Hand in Hand in the Discovery of Nature.

L.

If frequent Meditations upon Death, do not make us better Men, yet methinks they should moderate our Passions however, and put some restraint upon our Avarice and Ambition.

LI.

LI.

Every thing in this Life is accidental, even our Birth that brings us into it. Death is the only thing we can be sure of. And yet we behave our selves, just as if all the rest were certain, and Death alone uncertain.

LII.

Life is good in its own *Nature*. The greatest good in the *World*, but the most unthrif- tily squander'd away. And it is not of this, but of our own Extravagance that we have reason to complain.

LIII.

Nothing is so hard to perswade Men to, as the Contempt of Riches; except ones ar- guments be drawn from the Stores of *Chri- stian Religion*.

LIV.

The Wise-Men among the Ancients were in Truth very Foolish, who without any Light of Faith, or Expectation of a better State, despised Riches and Pleasures. They endeavour'd to distinguish themselves, by uncommon and unnatural Notions; and so to triumph over the rest of Mankind, by an imaginary Elevation of *Soul*. Those that were the Wisest among them were satisfied with talking of these things in Publick, but behaved themselves after another kind of State in Private.

LV.

There is a grave, contrived sort of Folly, highly satisfied with it self, that carries an Air of *Wisdom* a thousand times more troublesome and impertinent, than that Humourfome and diverting Folly, which never thinks at all.

LVI.

The Contempt of certain Death, where there is no *Christianity* to support and justify it, does by no Means deserve that Admiration or Honour, that have been thought its due: In good earnest, when one comes to take a closer and stricter View of it, it is rather an Extravagance, than any Greatness or Constancy of Mind.

LVII.

The Art of pleasing in Company is, not to explain things too particularly; to express only one half, and leave your Hearers to make out the rest. This argues you have a good Opinion of the Persons you converse with; and nothing is more agreeable to Mens Love of themselves.

LVIII.

The Ground of almost all our false Reasonings is, that we seldom look any farther, than one side of the *Question*: Whereas, if a Man would do his Argument right, he ought to consider it in its utmost Latitude.

LIX.

There are so many Excellencies, so many Beauties in *Nature*, that if any be superfluous, it is not because there are too many, but because we choose, and use them ill.

LX.

The Circumstances of those, who are intrusted with the Treasures and the Councils of Princes, are much less fickle, than theirs that are to provide for their Diversions. Men are not always in the *Humour* to take their Pleasure, but they are always disposed to Honour and Riches.

LXI.

The highest *Wisdom*, is for a Man to be sensible, that he wants it.

LXII.

There is no such thing as true *Wisdom* in this *World*, except that which instructs us in *Christian Morality*. For this, if we abstract from it all the Supports of Faith, and Advantages of *Religion*, is of it self the most pure and perfect Rule of Life in the *World*.

LXIII.

The Vulgar value and cry up Actions and other Things, not only for their Excellence, but more generally for the Uncommonness of them; and this gives Occasion to all the false Methods Men take to gain the Approbation of the *World*.

LXIV.

The Court is the *Peculiar*, where *Ambition* is supream. All other *Passions*, even *Love* it self, and all Laws truckle under her; and there are no sorts of Unions but she can both knit together, and break asunder.

LXV.

Ambitious Men cheat themselves, when they fix upon any Ends for their *Ambition*. Those Ends, when they are attained to, are converted into Means, subordinate to something farther.

LXVI.

A good Character, in which all the *World* agrees, and which continues a great while, is seldom false.

LXVII.

The Opinion of those *Philosophers*, that will have Beasts to be in no Degree more than *Machines*, which move themselves, is exceeding hard to conceive. But that of some other *Philosophers*, who assign them a *Soul* that is corporeal, and yet not a body neither, is altogether incomprehensible.

LXVIII.

A great Reputation is a great Charge very hard for a Man to acquit himself well of: An obscure Life is more Natural, and more Easie.

LXIX.

LXIX.

Diogenes, that made choice of a Tub for his dwelling, was a *Fool*, so much the more exquisite, and refined, as he thought himself, and expected the *World* should Esteem him, much wiser than the rest of Mankind.

LXX.

Great Offices, and great Honours, are most truly said to be great Burdens: The Slavery of them is but so much the greater, because it concerns the Service of the Publick; for the People are a Master scarce ever to be satisfied.

LXXI.

They that are eternally canting upon *Vertue* in all Companies, are commonly great Boasters, and great Knaves. The mighty Pains which the Men of the Age take to commend *Vertue*, is sometimes a shrewd Sign, that they take but very little to practise it.

LXXII.

Truth discovers it self to young Princes, no longer than while they are young, and under Age; it flies a Crown, and vanishes out of sight, as soon as they come to be invested with Power: If these first Years be not made use of to give them good Advice and Instruction, there will be no retrieving it in the following Part of their Lives. For all then goes off in meer Juggle and Disguise.

LXXIII.

The perfect Knowledge a Man hath of his Misery and Imperfections, gives a great and just occasion for Humility towards *God*; but so it does also for the despising of others, who are not so wise as our selves.

LXXIV.

Railery is harder to be born than Injuries, because it is an allowable Thing to be concerned at Injuries, but a ridiculous one to be angry at a Jest.

LXXV.

Railery is an Injury disguised, full of Malice and Ill-Nature, which is endured with so much less Patience, as it shews, that they who use it, would be thought above us.

LXXVI.

Princes and Persons in Eminent Stations, will do well to be exceedingly reserved, as to this Part of Conversation. The Resentments of their Railery are the more dangerous, because kept more concealed, and that Men are ever contriving some private Ways of Revenge for it.

LXXVII.

Railery very often betrays want of *Understanding*. Men call it in to their Relief, when they have nothing of Sense and Argument left, to say for themselves.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

A great many People are fond of Books, as they are of Furniture; to dress and set off their Rooms, more than to adorn and enrich their Minds.

LXXIX.

'Tis the Infatuation of *Misers*, to take Gold and Silver for Things really Good, whereas they are only some of the Means by which good Things are procur'd.

LXXX.

Some People are so fond of being Subtle and Abstruse upon all Occasions, that they really over-shoot the Mark. These refined Persons are as far from Truth, as the Vulgar, whose gross Ignorance makes them fall short of it.

LXXXI.

Truth is *plain* and *natural*, the great Secret is how to find it.

LXXXII.

The great Mistake of most Noblemen, is, that they look upon their Nobility, as a Character given them by *Nature*.

LXXXIII.

True Quality, and that which comes by *Nature*, is only the Noble Advantages and Endowments of the Body and the Mind.

LXXXIV.

The more ancient that Nobility is, which we derive only from our Ancestors, the less valuable it is, and the more suspicious and uncertain. The Son of a Marshal of *France*, who by his own Worth hath raised himself to this Office, should in all reason be more Noble, than the Posterity that descend from him. This Spring of Honour is yet fresh in the Son's Veins, and kept up by the Example of the Father; but the further it runs from the Fountain-Head, the weaker and the dryer it grows.

LXXXV.

We are surprized every Day, to see some Men that are come from the very Dregs of the People, raise themselves to great Fortunes and Honours; and we commonly mention this with Scorn and Reproach, as if all the Great Families in the *World* had not as mean a Beginning, if we would but take Pains to trace them back to their first Originals.

LXXXVI.

The greatest Part of those Complaints we make against our Neighbours, are owing to the want of Reflection upon our selves.

LXXXVII.

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LXXXVII.

The *Love* of our selves inclines us to look upon all the Pleasures, and Happiness of Life, as Things that we have a Right to call Ours; and upon all the *Evils* and *Calamities*, as Things Foreign and Unnatural, and such as are Wrongs and Hardships upon us. This gives occasion to all the Complaints we hear against Humane Life.

LXXXVIII.

Most Heroes are like some kind of Pictures, which if you would admire, you must look upon them at a distance.

LXXXIX.

True and essential Merit, is that of the good Accomplishments of the Mind; but the *Art* of making these valuable, and exerting those good Faculties, is a second Merit, and much more necessary than the first, in all Business of the *World*, both in order to the raising our Reputation, and our Fortunes.

XC.

Many Things are valued, meerly because they are uncommon, or hard to be come by, though in Truth, and in their own *Nature*, they are neither amiable, nor useful.

XCI.

Every one erects a Court of Judicature for himself; there he sits supreme Judge over his Neighbour, and proceeds upon him in as Arbitrary and Authoritative a manner, as if he had some particular Prerogative over him. But methinks, we should be more modest and sparing in passing Sentence thus upon others, if we did but consider, that they too will take the same Freedoms, and use us with the same Severity.

MAX.

MAXIMS,

B Y

Monfieur *De la Rochefoucault.*

I.

A Great many People give themselves up to Devotion, but no body gives himself up to Humility.

II.

Bodily Labour keeps off Pain of Mind; and by so doing makes the Poor happy.

III.

The Mortifications which no body knows of, are Mortifications indeed, the rest are made easie by our Vanity.

IV

The Altar on which God would have all our Sacrifices offered, is Humility.

V.

V.

A few Things suffice to make a wise Man happy, but it is not in the Power of any to content a Fool; and this is the true Reason why much the greatest Part of Mankind are miserable.

VI.

We give our selves more Pain, to make Men think us happy, than to make our selves really so.

VII.

It is much easier to quench a first Desire, than to satisfy all those that are sure to follow after.

VIII.

Wisdom to the Mind, is as Health to the Body.

IX.

In regard neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, can be conferr'd by the Greatest Men upon Earth; the utmost Favours they can do us are bought too dear.

X.

Before we set our Hearts too much upon any Thing, let us examine how happy those are, who already possess it.

XI.

The greatest Treasure in this World, is a true Friend, and yet it is a Treasure which

which Men least trouble themselves to look after.

XII.

Lovers are blind to the Failings of their Mistresses, till the ending of the Charm open their Eyes.

XIII.

Prudence and Love were never made for one another; as much as you add to the one, you certainly take from the other.

XIV.

A jealous Wife gives her Husband this satisfaction at least, that he is sure, from her, continually to hear of what he loves.

XV.

How sad a Case is that poor Woman in, who is at the same Time violently in Love, and inflexibly vertuous?

XVI.

A wise Man finds it more for his Advantage, to decline the Combat, than to gain the Conquest.

XVII.

There is more need of reading Men than Books.

XVIII.

Good and ill Fortune commonly go to them, who had most of each before.

XIX.

XIX.

A good Wife is a hid Treasure, which he that hath found, does well not to brag of.

XX.

Most Women mourn the Loss of a Lover, not so much to shew how they loved before, as to gain the Reputation of deserving to be loved again.

XXI.

Faithfulness, when the Effect of Constraint, is very little better than Unfaithfulness.

XXII.

No Women are worth our Jealousie, but such as decline giving occasion for it.

XXIII.

Men that are too fond, do not easily discern, when their Passion ceases to be return'd.

XXIV.

We seldom allow any Men to have good Sense, who are not of our own Opinion.

XXV.

Men find fault with themselves, purely to put others upon commending them.

XXVI.

Little Souls take offence at the least Things.

XXVII.

XXVII.

There are some Defects, which when placed in a convenient Light, look more agreeably than even Perfection it self.

XXVIII.

We always think them troublesome, that our selves are troublesome to.

XXIX.

A Man never finds it harder to speak as he ought, than when out of Countenance not to find something to say.

XXX.

No Faults are unpardonable in those who can prevail with themselves to acknowledge them.

XXXI.

Nothing is more natural to us, or imposes more upon us, than the Perswasion that we are beloved.

XXXII.

We take more delight in seeing the Persons that have been beholden to us, than them to whom we are beholden.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

There is more difficulty in concealing our real Sentiments, than in counterfeiting the Sentiments we have not.

XXXIV.

Friendships, after Reconciliation, are more nice to be kept, than those that were never broken at all.

XXXV.

He that likes no body, hath a much worse Time of it, than he whom no body likes.

These Christian MAXIMS that follow, may possibly be of some use, and this Prospect hath determined the Author to publish them.

Christian

Christian MAXIMS.

I.

TH E Birth, which we receive in Baptism, and which makes us Christians, exalts and ennobles us far above all that we are capable of being made, by any Advantages, either of Nature or Fortune.

II.

The End which Prayer aims at, is the fulfilling of the Law : Consequently, the Man who discharges any Duty commanded in the Law, does an Act more pleasing to God, than that of Praying would have been.

III.

Religious Worship, without Morality, ends in Hypocrisie and Superstition : And Morality without Religious Worship, is but Philosophy and Worldly Wisdom. The Man that would be a Christian indeed, must join both these together.

IV.

Great men generally live without thinking, and yet they, of all Men living, have most need to descend often into their own Breasts; that they may tell themselves some necessary Truths, which they cannot expect that any body else should tell them.

V.

V.

There is a vicious Singularity inspired by Pride, and this is such as the Son of God so often condemns in the *Pharisees*; but there is also a commendable and truly Christian Singularity, such as strives against the Stream of the World, and condemns the corrupt Fashions and Use of it: And this is the very Mark of Distinction, of the truly Good, and those that are Worldly and Wicked Men.

VI.

When Persons of Condition, by giving Men occasion to believe, that they love to be flattered, prevent their being told such Truths as might improve their Knowledge; the Ignorance they live under, is in some measure voluntary, and such as can by no means exempt them from Sin and Guilt.

VII.

Nothing is more apt to make good Counsel do no good, nay even do hurt, than its being attended with an ill Example.

VIII.

All Uncertainty and Dispute about the practical Points of Christianity, would be utterly at an end, if Men, who are generally well agreed about general Rules and Principles, would argue from thence to particular Cases, without consulting their own Passions.

IX.

IX.

Charity sanctifies the meanest and most common Actions, and Pride debases the most exalted Virtues.

X.

Good Men do often by their good Examples amend the Faults of others, without reproving them; and ill Men often reprove the Faults of others without amending them.

XI.

Faith brings us to esteem those Things good, which the World account evil, and to account those evil, which the World esteem good; and from this Difference in their Notions it is, that the so different Conduct of vertuous and vicious Men proceeds.

XII.

We are continually employed about some uncertain Event, which many Times is of no concern to us; and yet we bestow no Thought upon that which is sure to come upon us, and upon which our Happiness or Misery to all Eternity depends.

XIII.

When Men are negligent of their own Salvation, their Industry to promote that of other People proceeds not from true Charity.

XIV.

The great Hindrance to the Execution of our good Designs is our thinking altogether

ther upon our own Weakness, without recollecting, that God can as easily inable us for good Actions, as inspire into our Hearts good Desires.

XV.

Every Moment of our Life may be of Consequence to the securing an Eternal Happiness: Time therefore is a Thing of so great value, that all the World can give us, is not sufficient to make us Reparation for that Part of our Life which is laid out upon it.

XVI.

There is not a Creature in the World, but is capable of becoming the Plague and Punishment of that Heart, which sets up his rest in it.

XVII.

The idle Amusements of the World take off our Relish for, and Judgment in Things truly Good, as effectually as even the most guilty Passions.

XVIII.

Custom and common Vogue can never be a good Excuse, or indeed a tolerable Pretence for doing an ill Thing. For it is the World that gives this Authority, and therefore Christians should always be jealous of it; because they in their Baptism have solemnly promised and vow'd to renounce the World and its Principles.

XIX.

XXI.

An unbelieving Mind is generally the Effect of a corrupt Heart. Men cannot endure to believe that which offers violence to Nature. They desire to keep their Passions, and at the same Time to get quit of all its Remorse for indulging them.

XX.

We fear and distrust God's Providence in our Temporal Concerns, and yet in that of our Salvation, we rashly and presumptuously rely upon his Mercy.

XXI.

Habits in old Age are as great an Hindrance to Salvation, as Passions in Youth.

XXII.

The Faults of other People are better corrected, by patient enduring, than by proud Reproof.

XXIII.

Severe Rules of Living, are often set upon a Principle of Pride. Such Dictators affect this pompous Appearance of Virtue; and it costs nothing to make that Yoke insupportable to others, which they take care not to lay upon themselves.

XXIV.

The Humility we affect to express in our Discourse, is certainly insincere, if we be angry, when other People believe the ill we say of our selves.

XXV.

XXV.

We could not bear that others should take the Pains to run away from us, which our selves are at to run from our selves.

XXVI.

Amendment in general, is easily resolved on. We contemplate the Idea of Virtue with delight ; but as soon as any Passion is to be engaged, this Resolution cools, and we find our selves incapable of accomplishing a Design, which, tho' formed without Pain, yet cannot be executed without some Violence,

XXVII.

If confessing our Faults upon a Death-Bed, were sufficient to Salvation, it could not be truly said, That the Way to Life is strait, and that the Chosen are but few.

XXVIII.

The Stream of the World will certainly carry us down to Vice, if we do not strive against it by continual Efforts, to get Ground in the Way of Virtue.

XXIX.

The Man that should form his Notion of the Gospel, by the Lives of most of its Professors, would conclude it full of Rules directly contrary to those which *Jesus Christ* has enjoined us.

XXX.

XXX.

We often mistake that Regret and Alteration of our Measures, which is the Effect of Inconstancy in our Temper, or the Disappointment of our Passions and Desires, for the Remorse and Change of a true Repentance.

XXXI.

When the Distaste we take at the World proceeds not from the Grace of God, but from Pride, or Self-Love, it brings us back indeed to our selves, but it does not lead us to God.

XXXII.

The Soul can no more sustain it self in Grace without Prayer, than the Body can subsist without Nourishment.

XXXIII.

All that passeth away with Time, is of short Continuance, and unworthy the Application, that is in continual Motion toward Eternity.

XXXIV.

There is not in the World a more lamentable Condition, than that of a Sinner uninterrupted in his Desires, and left by God to the Mercy of his own Passions.

XXXV.

The Chains which tied us to the Creatures, are often broken, and yet we continue fastned down to the Earth by our
OWA

own proper Weight. This Obstruction to our Salvation attends us through the different Stages of Life, and is as hardly got the better of, as any other.

XXXVI.

To conquer ones Passions is difficult, but to satisfy them, utterly impossible.

XXXVII.

Revenge is always the Effect of a weak Mind, which renders the Man unable to bear Injuries.

XXXVIII.

Men complain of their Sufferings, and yet do not repent of the Sins that are the Cause of them.

XXXIX.

Omissions in our Duties, that we are obliged to, as Christians in general, and in regard of our respective Stations in particular, are Faults of which even they who are guilty, are not always sensible, and yet the Gospel condemns the unprofitable Servant to the same Torments with the refractory and rebellious.

XL.

Our Hatred against Sin is never so strong as it ought to be, when it does not prevail for diligently avoiding the Occasions, which have formerly inshared us in Wick-
edness.

XLI.

XLI.

There is no withstanding the Will of God, this is always fulfilled, either by our Obedience, if we act in conformity to it, or by our Punishment, if we rebel against it.

XLII.

The Design of amending our Lives at one Time or other, is generally of no farther use, than for stiling some present Pangs of Conscience. Men rest upon these imaginary Projects, which they never put in practice, and by so doing, either convey their Faults out of sight, or fancy that they in some degree make amends for them.

XLIII.

All those Distinctions between one Man and another, which are made by Opinion, are fallacious and groundless. Grace makes the only real Difference, and every Man is in Truth that, and that only, which he is in the Esteem of God.

XLIV.

Some Respect is due to those who persecute us, for they ought to be look'd upon as Instruments made use of by God, to execute his punitive Justice upon us.

XLV.

If the Faithful, who assemble together for publick Worship, did but duly consider themselves as so many Criminals, met to implore the Mercy of their Judge, they could not fail to pray with more Humility and Zeal.

XLVI.

The Love which God requires of us, is not a Love of Sense and Passion, but a Love of Preference, which engages to sacrifice every Thing to him, and part with all rather than incur his Displeasure.

XLVII.

If the constant Aim of all we intend and undertake were to please God, and obey his Will, be the Event what it will, we should be always contented.

XLVIII.

The Virtue of some *Heathens* hath brought them to despise the World; but that *Christians* only can render their being despised by the World, desirable.

XLIX.

We shall do well always to be very jealous of those Vertues, which attract Fame and Admiration: The Love of Humiliation

is the only Virtue, of which the Devil can take no Advantage against us.

L.

A Heart exalted by Grace, finds nothing in this World, that is not beneath it.

LI.

Did we but consider, that the Virtues attained with so much Difficulty, are sometimes lost in an instant, by our dealing with the World; instead of courting and delighting in it, we should shun it as an Enemy, that is perpetually contriving to rob us of our most valuable Treasure.

LII.

Our most religious Conversations are commonly so leavened with Vanity and Pride, that all benefit of them is lost to us.

LIII.

The good Designs which we lay, but never finish, do only add to our Guilt, and lay fresh Obstructions in our Way to Heaven.

LIV.

No Sorrow is agreeable to Reason, except that of Repentance, the rest do all betray, either the Weakness of our Mind, or the Corruption of our Nature.

LV.

Desire is the Prayer of the Heart; and this is a sort of Prayer, which he to whom all Desires are known, always hears, and often answers.

LVI.

It is just, that the Man who does not avoid the Occasions of sinning, but rashly exposes himself to danger, should by his Fall suffer the Punishment of his own Presumption.

LVII.

It is much easier wholly to retire from the World, than to live in it, with the like Indifference and Reserve, as if one had quite withdrawn from it; and yet One of these Two must be done, in order to our Salvation.

LVIII.

God hath made an express Promise, not to forsake us in Adversity, (*Psal. xci.*) but he hath not left us the like Dependence upon his Favour in Prosperity.

LIX.

The true Glory of a Christian does not consist in exalting himself above others, but in humbling himself, after the Example of Jesus Christ.

LX.

LX.

The Quiet of a Sinner's Mind who continues in his Wickedness, is a spiritual Lethargy.

LXI.

Our Sufferings are in much higher Esteem with God, than our Actions.

LXII.

Repentance deals too gently by the Sinner, if it do not resemble the Wrath of God, and supply the place of his Justice in punishing.

LXIII.

A Man can never have true Enjoyment in any Pleasure, of which he is sure to repent afterwards.

LXIV.

Recollection is a kind of Solitude necessary to be often retired into, for avoiding the Infection of that poysonous Air, which those Men breath, who engage in the profane Conversations of the World.

LXV.

The Way to be truly Holy, lies not so much in doing great Things, as discharging ones Duty faithfully in those that are least.

LXVI.

The Trouble and Restlessness of Sinners, will be manifest to any who consult them in the midst of all their Pleasures. For even they at that very Time, honestly confess, that they cannot attain to the Power of making themselves happy.

LXVII.

We desire God should hear us when we pray, and yet we do not hear our own selves.

LXVIII.

It is frequent with God, to send Darkness of the Understanding, as a Punishment for the Depravity and Exorbitance of the Affections.

LXIX.

Hypocrisie is a sort of Sacrilege, which prostitutes the Appearances of Virtue, to the Service of Vice.

LXX.

When Persons of different Sexes converse much, (though as innocently as may be) together; there is always a sort of Spiritual Sensuality, which proves a weakning at least, if not, in Time, the utter Ruin of Virtue.

LXXI.

LXXI.

To deal with our selves severely, and others tenderly, is the true Character and Spirit of a Christian.

LXXII.

Prudence is remiss and cowardly, if not animated by the Zeal of Charity; and Zeal is indiscreet, when not under the Regulation and Conduct of Prudence.

LXXIII.

A Soul which holds frequent Correspondence with God, is easily brought to lose its Relish for Correspondence with the World.

LXXIV.

The good Man is a true Lover of himself, for he secures the greatest of all Advantages. But the Man that loves Wickedness, loses his own Soul, and most effectually hates himself.

LXXV.

Pride is the Source of all our Violent Emotions, and all our Troubles: Humility alone can bring true and solid Peace to the Soul.

LXXVI.

We must withdraw not only from the World, but, in some Sense and Measure, from

from our selves, to hearken to God in our Retirement. The Clutter of Business, and Noise of our Passions, do often hinder our hearing him.

LXXVII.

Negligence in little Matters, is constantly one sort of Infidelity, which is often punished by great and grievous Falls.

LXXVIII.

Sorrow for Faults, without Amendment, proves such remorse to proceed not from Grace, but from Pride and Self-Love.

LXXIX.

How can Men hope to find God at the Hour of Death, if they never sought him all their Life-long.

LXXX.

If the Hopes we entertain of our own Salvation, be not grounded upon the Word of God, they are vain and deceitful; for it is to no purpose to promise that to our selves, which God hath never promised us.

LXXXI.

The Love of God is by no means inconsistent with the Fear of his Judgments. The more a Man loves him, the more he must needs

needs dread the being for ever separated from him.

LXXXII.

If those Libertines, who refuse to believe any Thing above their Power to comprehend, will not acknowledge their Extravagance and Folly, let them at least be sensible of their Rashness and Presumption.

LXXXIII.

God hath concealed from us the Hour of our Death; on purpose that we may think it our Duty to expect and prepare for it every Hour of our Lives.

LXXXIV.

The Desires which our Passions excite, are like the Longings of a sick Man, which cannot be gratified, without doing hurt, and making us more unhappy.

LXXXV.

In proportion as we advance in Vertue, our Relish for the Pleasures of the World wears off: As the Diversions of Childhood are despised in proportion as we grow into Years.

LXXXVI.

The Soul of the Slothful is like untill-
ed Ground, which brings forth only Briars and Thorns.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

God often humbles those by Sin, who are not humbled by Grace.

LXXXVIII.

When we will only that which God wills, we are made, in some degree, Partakers of his Immutability.

LXXXIX.

Some religious Actions, which appear despicable in the Eyes of Men, are yet of great account in God's Esteem.

XC.

We often pray to God for Things which we ought to dread the having granted to us.

XCI.

How can that Man have Peace in his own Mind, who is at enmity with God?

XCII.

Since there is a Way, that seemeth right to a Man, and yet leadeth to Death; how exceeding careful ought we to be, not to walk in that Way, in which we shall certainly go wrong, without being sensible that we do so?

XCIII.

XCIII.

What a World of Truths are concealed, for fear of giving Disgust? The Silence of a Flatterer is as faulty as his Speech.

XCIV.

It is by no means sufficient to discharge the Duties common to Christians in general. There is the same Obligation for those peculiar to each Man's Calling and Capacity.

XCV.

It is hard to do all that is commanded in Religion, if our Zeal do not sometimes carry us to do that which is matter of Advice only.

XCVI.

Be our Sufferings what they will, they are always deserved; so that no Man can truly complain of suffering unjustly.

XCVII.

The Faults and Failings of good Men, are what we ought to make some Advantage of, as well as their Vertues and good Examples.

XCVIII.

They only can understand the just Extent of their Duty, to whose very Heart God vouchsafes to speak by his Grace.

XCIX.

XCIX.

There is nothing which we may not be allowed to hope for at God's Hand, when we sincerely apply to him, how unworthy of his Favours soever we may be.

XCV.

There are several truly good People, whom God preserves in a Life of Business and Dealing with the World, for the Discovery and Condemnation of the Wicked Men in it.

XCV.

It is hard to do all that is commanded in Religion, if our Zeal do not sometimes carry us to do that which is matter of Advice only.

XCVI.

Be our Sufferings what they will, they

~~are always necessary to the Christian~~
they complete our suffering journey.



The Faults and Weaknesses of good Men, are what we ought to make some Advantage of, as well as their Virtues and good Examples.

FINIS.

XCVIII.

They only can understand the just Extent of their Duty, to whose very Heart God vouchsafes to speak by his Grace.

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